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EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Bryant and Longfellow and Emerson, then Lowell and Holmes and Whittier, then Aldrich, only a few months ago, and now Stedman,—

"They are all gone into the world of light!"

The last leaf has fallen from the tree, and the first great age of American poetry is rounded out to its close. Other poets we shall have, with other themes to inspire them, but the spiritual expression of our nineteenth century, with its portentous blossoming of democracy and its central tragedy of sectional hatred culminating in civil war, is now complete; the last of the poets who knew at first-hand the tremendous happenings of half a century ago, and whose song was potent in the cause of righteousness, has been laid to rest. And whatever successors they may have will find it no easy task to earn the laurels of such a fame or the tribute of such an affection as have been gratefully bestowed upon the poets of the group now unrepresented by a single survivor.

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in 1833, in Hartford, Connecticut, and when he died, on the eighteenth of last month, was in his seventy-fifth year. He was the son of Edmund Burke Stedman and Elizabeth Dodge. He lost his father when still a child, and his mother, a woman of marked poetical ability, afterwards married William B. Kinney, and went to Italy to live. The boy was placed in charge of an uncle in Norwich, where he lived from the age of five to sixteen, and where he was fitted for college. This is the town which he afterwards celebrated in verse as "The Inland City."

"Guarded by circling streams and wooded mountains,
Like sentinels round a queen,
Dotted with groves and musical with fountains,
The city lies serene."

He entered Yale in 1849, as a member of the Class of 1853, but did not complete the course. Many years afterward, the University made up for the degree then withheld, and bestowed upon him her highest academic distinctions. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his class evoked from him the poem "Meridian," in which his Alma Mater is made to ask:

"Now who have kept my maxims best?
Who have most nearly held within their grasp
The fluttering robe that each essayed to elasp?"

Probably no truer answer to the question has been made than that written in the record of his own life.

Returning to Norwich at the age of nineteen, he became the editor of a local newspaper, and country journalism claimed him for the next four years. Then he sought a wider field in New York City, which was to be his home for the remainder of his life. He joined the staff of "The Tribune," and wrote much for the magazines. He became intimately associated with Taylor, Stoddard, Curtis, Winter, Aldrich, and Howells. It was for "The Tribune" that he wrote the poems that soon made his name widely known — "The Diamond Wedding," "The Ballad of Lager Bier," and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry." The outbreak of the Civil War sent him to Washington and the front, where he served for two years as special correspondent of "The World." Then followed a period of law study, during which he acted as private secretary to Attorney-General Bates. In 1864 he became connected with the work of the Union Pacific Railroad, which diverted his thoughts from law to finance. This proved to be the turning-point of his life, for it brought him back to New York, and started him on his career as a man of affairs.

Mr. Stedman went into the brokerage and banking business, and in 1869 became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, a fact which determined his practical activities for over thirty years. This step was taken with his eyes wide open, and with the determination that, should he become a successful broker, he would be none the less a poet — that his business should be with him no more than a means to an ideal end. In consequence, he became known as the "banker-poet," an appellation which he particularly resented, because he felt that if a man deserved the title of poet at all it should be given him without qualification. There is little, indeed, in his poems to indicate that he was a shrewd man of affairs, or anything but a devotee of the muse. "Pan in Wall Street" and "Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold" suggest his days in the mart, but they are only the exceptions that prove the rule. As a man of business he prospered exceedingly for a term of years, and then suffered reverses which profoundly affected the remainder of his career. Although he recovered, in a measure, from the crisis that had nearly swept away his fortune, and survived it by a quarter-century, his later life was something of a struggle, and his closing years were clouded by long seasons of illness and darkened

by the death of his wife, the gracious hostess of Casa Laura — his country home in Lawrence Park.

His life as a whole, aside from its literary aspect, was singularly active and varied. If we test him by Goethe's couplet, —

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt," —

it is clear that he was plunged in the currents of many worldly affairs, and that they shaped him into a character of distinctive strength. He was active in so many intellectual, artistic, political, and social concerns, that their enumeration would require a considerable paragraph. Of them all, we will mention only his effective work done with the American Copyright League, of which he became the president after Lowell's death. But it is particularly curious to note that what Goethe meant for an antithesis, a contrast of irreconcilables, became in Mr. Stedman's case a synthesis; for precisely the sort of talent that is the outgrowth of the secluded and reflective life, was also his, and he produced much delicate literature that might be judged, from its internal evidence, to be the work of the veriest dreamer.

Mr. Stedman's work as a man of letters was of three distinct kinds — editorial, critical, and poetical. As an editor of the writings of others, his work was done with remarkable learning and discretion, and exhibited just those qualities of judgment and good taste that were to be expected from a poet and critic of his high rank. His monuments in this department are the edition of Poe (in conjunction with Professor Woodberry), the "Library of American Literature" (with the collaboration of Miss Hutchinson), and the two Anthologies, "Victorian" and "American." In each of these cases, the work was so sympathetically and thoroughly done that better performances were with difficulty imaginable. Time will call for an extension of the Library and the Anthologies, but it will hardly bring an improvement upon the treatment of the matter within their scope.

The main body of Mr. Stedman's critical writing is comprised within three volumes. The "Victorian Poets" (1875) contains essays that had been slowly built up into their permanent form during a number of years preceding their collective publication. When the volume appeared it was at once recognized, in both America and England, as a masterly production, as the most important systematic work of literary criticism that America had produced. Ten years later appeared the companion volume

on "Poets of America," an even richer and riper work. When the Turnbull lectureship on poetry was founded, in 1891, at the Johns Hopkins University, the author of these two volumes was the inevitable choice for the inaugural series of discourses, and Mr. Stedman, putting aside all other work, shut himself up for months in the library of The Players, and prepared his last great work of critical appreciation, the work which was afterwards published as "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." These three books made clear his title as the foremost of our critics. Lowell alone might have been held a possible competitor for that distinction, but Lowell, with all his brilliancy and wit and fine feeling, was lacking in the comprehensive view and the philosophical grasp that characterize Stedman's critical writing. It is not too much to say that the three volumes now in question constitute America's most solid and lasting contribution to the literature of criticism.

As a poet, of course, Mr. Stedman was but one among many of high rank; we may not even call him *primus inter pares*; but the fact that his place is a little below that of three or four writers of the New England group should not lessen the warmth of our tribute of gratitude for the precious gift of his song. In the days of our war-agony he voiced the national feeling in unforgettable strains, and for a full generation afterward continued to produce work which was always worthy and often memorable for beauty and artistic distinction. His lyrical faculty was remarkable, he had the trick of effective balladry, and he was almost unsurpassed as a writer of occasional and commemorative verse. His long poems — "Alice of Monmouth" and "The Blameless Prince" — did not become widely popular, but they are still well deserving of attention and respect. His reputation also suffered in some degree from the fact that a number of poets from ten to thirty years his senior were already firmly fixed in the national affection, and our public did not keenly feel the need of more.

Mr. Stedman's personality was so engaging, and was the outward expression of a character of such fineness of fibre, that he bound men to himself by ties of more than common affection. His charm, his sincerity, and his generous sympathies made themselves felt by young and old alike, radiating upon all who came within the reach of their influence. Whether as the central figure of a great public gathering, or as one of a group in some club corner, or as the com-

panion with whom a single intimate held high converse concerning the things of the mind, he always entered genially into the spirit of the situation, and the occasional touch of sharpness in his manner which gave salt to the discourse was merely the index of an intelligence so alert, so quick in its response to stimulus, that it was impatient of all the transparent devices whereby men of slower wit played for time to collect their thoughts. To use a physical metaphor, his own electric potential was so high that he induced currents of unwonted intensity in the minds that came within the reach of his own. And this keen eager interest in all that pertained to art and letters and life was unimpaired by the shocks of fate — more severe in his case than most men have to bear — and remained as characteristic of his broken closing years as it had been of his prime. The last thing that could have been said of him was that he lagged superfluous on the stage, or that he had outlived his day.

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Stedman wrote a sonnet with these opening lines:

"Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave beat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay."

The "Mors Benefica" for whose touch he thus prayed came to him the other day, and his wish was fulfilled. A sudden failure of the heart, and all was over.

"Dead he lay among his books,"

and the word went forth that our foremost man of letters, the last of our earlier poets, was no more. Some hint of what that message meant was to be seen in the distinguished company that gathered in the Church of the Messiah three days later, to share in the impressive services which paid the last of earthly honors to the beloved dead.

HOLGER DRACHMANN.

For the past score of years, the two greatest men of letters in Denmark have been the critic Dr. Brandes, and the poet and novelist Holger Drachmann. Now Drachmann is dead, in his sixty-second year, and the event means almost as much for Danish letters as the death of Ibsen did for Norwegian letters year before last. His powerful individuality expressed itself in great numbers of lyrics and ballads, in plays, in formal works of fiction, and in a sort of rhapsodical prose not easily classifiable. To describe him as a blend of Byron with Walt Whitman would not be far from the truth. He had Byron's restive nature, his passion for the

sea, and his tendency to regard all conventional morality as hypocrisy and to revolt against it. On the other hand, he had much of Whitman's radicalism and democracy, and of his disregard for literary form.

Drachmann began life as a painter, and the sea was the favorite subject of his brush as afterwards of his pen. In 1870 he settled in London for a time, painting and writing, lived with workingmen and nursed his scorn of priests and aristocrats and the middle-class view of life. His delight in this period was to *épater le bourgeois*, and respectable Denmark looked askance at his writings. His first book of poems appeared in 1872, and marked the formal entrance into literature of one of the most prolific of modern Danish authors. In middle life he made terms (of a sort) with society, and accepted honors (which he still half-despised) from the classes whose sentiments he had outraged. But he could not remain long in the harness, and his later years found him again a wanderer in many lands, his sympathies always with the humble and the downtrodden, although he did not wholly forego his friendly relations with the mighty. In the late nineties he spent two years or more in the United States; and it was in an evening of the spring of 1900, when he was dining in Chicago with the writer of these lines, that he received the message from King Oscar asking him to come at once to Stockholm, that ended his American sojourn. Among his works we may mention, besides the many collections of verse, his translation of Byron's "Don Juan" into Danish, his "Beyond the Border," his highly successful play "Once upon a Time," his "Pledged," a long and serious work of fiction, and his "Sacred Fire," a book belonging to no particular class, written during his stay in this country. The only one of his books that has, to our knowledge, been translated into English is the idyllic tale called "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," a slight but exquisite performance. In one of his most successful lyrics this outcry occurs:

"Oh! had I command of a viking ship,
With a hundred fighters on board!"

It is a typical expression of his masterful personality, and those who knew by sight that giant frame surmounted by that magnificent head needed no more to imagine his wish fulfilled, and to picture him as the hero of some successful raid upon the coast of Normandy, or the Piræus, or the stronghold of Mieklegarth itself.

Two important publications of the Hakluyt Society are at hand. One of them contains translations, by Sir Clements Markham, of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa's "History of the Incas" and Baltasar de Ocampo's "The Execution of the Inca Tupac Amaru." The other, from the same translator, includes two narratives of the Friar Alonso de Espinosa: "The Guanches of Tenerife" and "The Holy Image of Our Lady of Candelaria." Mr. Bernard Quaritch, London, is the agent for the publications of the Society.

PATRIOTISM AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The late King Oscar of Sweden gave his sanction and support to the establishment of Swedish circulating libraries in those parts of the United States most largely settled by emigrants from his own kingdom. This was done in the hope of keeping warm in the exile's heart the love of the mother country, her language and literature, and of thus inducing him to return some day to the land of his birth. These Swedish libraries are said to have been in successful operation in the middle West for a year past; and lately a consignment of books has been received at Worcester, Mass., the Swedish centre of New England. Each Swedish church there is to have its share of these books, which will be replaced by fresh sendings from Sweden as often as desired.

This plan, excellent from a Scandinavian point of view, may at first strike one as of doubtful merit when looked at from this side of the Atlantic. That the alien colonist of culture and means, and possessed of the valuable assets of character and success which these intellectual and material acquisitions stand for, should be encouraged to withdraw his abilities and his resources from the scene where they have been chiefly developed or acquired, seems a little unfair. Having once renounced his allegiance to a land unable to satisfy his growing ambitions and desires, should he not remain true to the adoptive mother whose bounty he has been so willing to enjoy? Undoubtedly the spectacle of a returning emigrant, his pockets filled with American gold, hastening back to the old country to enjoy his wealth amid the scenes of his youth, is to us not the most pleasing that could be imagined. The throwing away of a sucked orange is never a graceful gesture; and no country enjoys being treated like a sucked orange.

But it is a question whether the effect desired by King Oscar will follow as a result of his generous act. At any rate, it will be interesting to note, if possible, whether these Swedish libraries really do promote a return of literature-loving Swedish settlers to the native land. Hitherto it has been the repatriation of the less cultured and less desirable foreigners that has attracted attention. The Chinese laundryman's eagerness to get back to his fellow-celestial with a few hundred dollars earned in the sweat of his brow over the hot flatiron, is notorious. The Italian ditch-digger's or organ-grinder's dream of ending his days in the sunny land of abundant macaroni and cheap sour wine — a dream, too, that is not seldom realized — is equally well known. That the impulse to re-knit the severed home ties increases in strength with the intelligence and culture of the emigrant, has yet to be proved. More likely is it that superior mental endowments and acquirements, such as are not uncommonly indicated by the reading habit, beget increased appreciation of the larger opportunity and the greater freedom of American life, and a disinclination to resume the narrower existence that has been left behind.

Whatever the truth of the matter, it would be interesting to have the opinion of public library officers in our cosmopolitan or foreign-settled cities and villages as to whether the providing of foreign literature for the aliens in our midst tends to make them good and contented citizens of their adoptive country, or the reverse. One likes to believe that a broad and generous policy in this regard will prove the wisest for all concerned. "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you," is a noble sentiment, and we should be sorry to see it prove false in our treatment of the homesick foreigner visiting our public libraries in quest of a book endeared by early associations. As a matter of fact, what could more greatly aid in tiding the unhappy alien over his period of acute nostalgia than a readily-accessible bookcase of his favorite authors, supposing him of sufficient intelligence to have such favorites? Boston, a city of very mixed population, provides for its public-library users a generous assortment of books in many foreign languages, and separate catalogues of these collections are printed and all but gratuitously distributed. The list of Russian books, for example, is a pamphlet containing about six hundred titles; and the accessions since it was printed, twelve years ago, would swell the number considerably. Russian literature, too, is in far less demand than the literatures of several other foreign countries, which are more abundantly represented. Yet with all this kindly consideration for the reading wants of her immigrant population, Boston is not heard to complain of an exodus of her more desirable foreign-born citizens; and her experience is probably that of many other large cities similarly situated.

The relation of race and language to international sympathies and antipathies is of course too vast and too difficult a subject for treatment here. Historical inquiry and philological research have played their part in producing effects not merely scientific and literary, but political and practical. As Freeman once observed, "the world is not the same world as when men had not dreamed of the kindred between Sanscrit, Greek, and English, when it was looked on as something of a paradox to hint that there was a distinction between Celtic and Teutonic tongues and nations." The change that, by various agencies, has been wrought in a comparatively short time, is again noted by the same historian when he says that "a hundred years ago a man's political likes and dislikes seldom went beyond the range which was suggested by the place of his birth or immediate descent. Such birth or descent made him a member of this or that political community, a subject of this or that prince, a citizen—perhaps a subject—of this or that commonwealth. The political community of which he was a member had its traditional alliances and traditional enmities, and by those alliances and enmities the likes and dislikes of the members of that community were guided. But those traditional alliances and enmities were seldom

determined by theories about language or race." And he goes on with further interesting but for us not exactly pertinent reflections.

In the mere matter of language-growth and of richness of vocabulary, the presence among us of many that speak other tongues than ours is of advantage to our own. The unwisdom of legislation designed to discourage the use of a foreign idiom is too obvious to need enlarging upon, its futility too abundantly proved in the past to remain longer in doubt. The Polish language and literature still flourish despite the efforts of three great powers to suppress them. The Norman conquerors' helpless surrender to a despised tongue is a matter of familiar history. Throughout our great English-speaking country are scattered families and communities that cling for a while to the mother tongue they have brought with them from over-seas, but the assimilation by us of these alien elements is only a question of time. Attempts to discourage or to prevent the teaching of this or that foreign language in this or that public school, or to keep out of the public libraries books dear to the hearts of those who as yet know no English—even where such attempts seek to justify themselves under the name of patriotism—are ill-advised. Too much that styles itself patriotism is nothing but magnified selfishness. Exclusion laws and tariff walls, whatever their necessity or merits, represent, in the large, a greedy boy's determination to eat his big apple undiminished by a single bite. As the greater includes the less, so the love of mankind includes the love of country; and more and more, as the world emerges from its dark age of illiteracy, is it coming to be recognized that all nations are members one of another, and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. With this principle in mind, even if held as a theory of doubtful application in all cases, most persons will commend King Oscar's establishment of Swedish circulating libraries for Swedish Americans. The English-speaking children and grandchildren of these settlers will be all the heartier supporters of our own public-library system for the consideration thus shown to their elders. In dealing with the adult immigrant of alien speech, an impatient person is prone to forget, what Bacon has so well expressed, that "in languages the tongue is more pliant to all expressions and sounds, the joints are more supple to all feats of activity and motions in youth, than afterwards; for it is true that late learners cannot so well take the ply, except it be in some minds that have not suffered themselves to fix, but have kept themselves open and prepared to receive continual amendment, which is exceeding rare." Finally, may it not be that many a foreign-born citizen loves his adoptive country so much only because he is permitted to love his native land still more—because he lives in a town or village or large city that helps to keep alive this love of the mother country by generously providing books to read in the mother tongue?

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE DEATH OF LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, far better known as "Ouida," brings to its close a career as impossibly romantic and extravagant as that of one of her typical heroines. Having published her first novel in 1863 and reached the height of her popularity in the late seventies, "Ouida" lived to see the passing of the age of sentimentality and the rise of a new school of novel-writing that should conform to the more exacting standards of an increasingly sophisticated public. Nevertheless, she continued to stem the tide with a book or so a year, publishing her "Critical Studies" and "The Waters of Edera" in 1900, and "Street Dust" in 1901. But while her novels have passed into obscurity and are spoken of nowadays chiefly to be held up to ridicule, her stories for children — "A Dog of Flanders," "Bimbi," and "Two Little Wooden Shoes" — are, oddly enough, almost classic. Herself a primitive nature, she was naturally at her best in writing of peasants and children — simple, single-hearted, passionate creatures like herself, who live in a world where fact and fancy mingle and the boundaries between real and ideal are often lost sight of. That was the only world "Ouida" knew. Equally impractical in managing her personal affairs and the plots of her novels, she is said to have died in abject poverty, the fortune that her books had earned for her gone, and only a tiny pension that the English government had provided between her and starvation. And most of that, with characteristic improvidence, she spent on her pet dogs. Undoubtedly the explanation of her once tremendous vogue lies in the fact that her work was always sincere. She wrote, at her best and at her worst, to please herself, and therefore she often pleased other people.

LIBRARY PROGRESS IN MARYLAND is slow — slower than one would expect it to be in a State having such ready communication, through its sea-ports, its great rivers and bays, and its many railways, with the outside world; holding almost in its embrace the capital of the country; and counting among its educational institutions the Johns Hopkins University and the United States Naval Academy. The fifth annual report of the Maryland State Library Commission, just issued, depicts a dearth of public libraries, and a lack of popular interest in libraries and literature that might far more naturally characterize a newer and less favorably situated State. Mr. Ross M. Diggs, field secretary of the commission, says in part: "I find that many large towns are without any library facilities at all, and such is the condition of most of the small towns and villages, with a few striking exceptions. The mass of the people in our State are not a reading people, and consequently there is little demand among them for books. What books are read consist mainly of the most recent light literature. . . . It is a difficult problem to get a non-reading public to build and maintain libraries; but it is possible to convert them gradually into a reading public which will demand books and, therefore, build libraries. It is the aim of the Commission first to stimulate a demand for books, and next to help and guide the people to the attainment of the means for meeting their wants." The starting of a small collection of books by the villagers themselves is regarded as the first and the important step; after that, state aid and local support by taxation will be more successfully solicited. Here is a field for missionary labor on the part of library workers. It is encour-

aging to read that eighty-one travelling libraries have circulated in nineteen of the twenty-three counties. Washington County is omitted from this list; but the good work done by the library-wagon sent out by the Hagerstown Free Library, as noted nearly a year ago in these columns, should not be overlooked.

THE MISSION OF THE NEWSPAPER is the subject of a recent newspaper article from the pen of a Baltimore doctor of divinity. The daily paper, even the sensational Sunday paper, is praised in terms that glow to the point of incandescence. A curious argument in favor of the Sunday journal is that its reading supplies occupation for the thousands who, in every large city, could not possibly find even standing-room in the churches. To this an opponent might urge that if there were fewer Sunday papers there would perhaps be more churches. The endless debate this might lead to is not in place here. Let us instead quote a few of the reverend doctor's rhapsodical sentences in praise of newspapers in general. "There is no literature for the common people," he declares, "like that of the newspaper. It is the daily companion alike of the prince and the peasant, the man who inherits and the man who earns, of the millionaire in his mansion and the laborer in his cot. It comes as regularly as the glow of the lamplight, and finds a welcome at every fireside. If the night be fair, if the winter's storm beats madly at the window pane, it does not matter — this messenger is present to entertain and instruct, to tell to willing ears in that little circle what is going on in the great bustling world without. A good paper, secular or religious, is a blessing in the home. . . . Oh, for the day when these white-winged carrier doves shall be all and more than our highest and best ideal!" All this, and more, appearing in a Baltimore paper at the same time with the publication of the State Library Commission's report of Maryland's sad lack of interest in books and public collections of books, as set forth in the preceding paragraph, might suggest some curious comment, from which, however, we refrain. It is at least gratifying to note that the newspaper whose Sunday issue prints the clergyman's interesting contribution is one of the best in the city — and, in fact, in the country.

PUBLIC LIBRARY ORGANIZATION UNASSISTED BY LEGISLATION has now been entered upon by Kansas; so that, whatever may still be the matter with that State, she is no longer to be reproached with inactivity in the matter of public libraries. Mr. A. D. Dickinson, public librarian at Leavenworth, has been appointed temporary organizer for the State by the Kansas Library Association. The following is from an explanatory statement issued by him to libraries and citizens of Kansas: "Many libraries are being established in this State to-day. The library interests of Kansas require the immediate services of an organizer. Convinced of this, and having thus far been unable to secure the necessary legislation, the Kansas Library Association at its annual meeting in October appointed one of its members to act temporarily in that capacity, in order to demonstrate practically the usefulness of such an officer. In performance of his duties the organizer will consult with towns planning the organization or reorganization of public libraries on all matters pertaining to the architecture, the administration, and the technical work of libraries; he will assist in framing city ordinances for the maintenance of libraries; and he will spare no effort which will help

to build up a public library system commensurate with the needs of the State. Funds to pay the immediate office expenses of the organizer are being contributed through the association by individuals, women's clubs, and libraries." Therefore the organizer's services are rendered gratis, except for travelling and hotel expenses. Another illustration, this, of generous effort for the public good, put forth without hope of material reward, by those engaged in library work.

THE BOOK RECORD OF 1907 in England shows that year to have been a prosperous or at least a busy one with English publishers. They issued nearly ten thousand books — or, more exactly, 9914, of which 7701 were new, the remainder being new editions. In 1906 the corresponding figures were 8603 and 6985, showing gains of 1311 and 716, respectively. Thus it appears that the manufacture of books increased 15 per cent. The increase in readers — that is, in population — could not have been nearly so great; hence it must have been a year of activity for readers as well as publishers, unless an unusual proportion of books went unsold and unread, which does not appear to have been the case. An encouraging sign in some respects is the falling off in the publication of fiction, from 2108 to 1862, and the considerable increase in theology (who would have thought it?), history, and biography. It may be that novel-readers turned in greater numbers than usual from pure fiction to its next of kin, gossiping biography and reminiscences. But the serious bent indicated by the unusual demand for (or supply of) works on religion is difficult to account for in this opening twentieth century. Is it possible that the Christian world is already beginning to get itself into a fit frame of mind for the second millennium, ninety-two years hence?

THE NEEDS OF THE CHILDREN AS LIBRARY-USERS are in some quarters receiving what a childless adult might think to be undue attention. Whether the English authority on library administration, Mr. James Duff Brown, is unblessed with offspring, or has a quiverful, we do not know; but in the revised edition of his "Manual of Library Economy" he takes occasion to say: "When a public library has provided an adequate children's room, and reduced its age limit to a reasonable and liberal degree, it has done all that is necessary or desirable without trenching upon the work of the public schools or fostering this particular class of youthful citizen at the expense of his seniors who have to find the money. With all respect for the admirable work in connection with children's libraries and the cultivation of intimate relationship with the public schools, both in the United States and in Britain, there is a very grave danger of this particular outlet for library enthusiasm becoming a damaging influence on the interests of the general work of public libraries. Already there are libraries in the United States and in England where everything is subordinated to the special cult of the child, and where the claims of adult readers are being brushed aside in the pursuit of what is largely, in many cases, a sentimental fantasy." At the same time with this protest there comes from the Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library a complaint that "too much is done for the child, not enough for the adult," with interesting particulars. There is little doubt that sometimes libraries of enterprise and ambition engage in work that might better be left to the schools.

THE CIRCULATION OF SERIOUS BOOKS is encouraged by all wise librarians, and a plan has been proposed in London for increasing this circulation. Those who read nothing but fiction, which in most cases means the worst fiction, are to be required (if the plan is ever carried out) to draw with every novel a work of soberer cast, chosen either by themselves or by the attendant. The absurdity of it all is not entirely ignored by the author of the plan; but he argues that, although no one can compel the reading of the serious book, it may be taken up by some member of the family and at least dipped into. Its presence on the sitting-room table is more conducive to this than is its undisturbed repose on the library shelf. Although such an exercise of paternalism on the part of the library authorities would be of questionable wisdom, an intelligent and observant desk-attendant can always accomplish something (if not overburdened with work) by gently and unobtrusively directing attention to the choice flowers of literature (not fiction) wasting their sweetness on the musty air of the stock-room. A desk-attendant of our acquaintance — one of the unintelligent, unobservant sort — once showed great perplexity and even consternation on being asked to recommend some good book to an applicant whose literary yearnings were of the vaguest. Such a request evidently struck this slave of routine and red tape as most irregular and bewildering.

A GROWING INTEREST IN LIBRARY NEWS appears from the increasing frequency with which such news is printed in our daily and weekly papers. The Boston "Transcript" — one of the few journals that as yet maintain a regular library department, and one of the best in this respect — takes occasion to commend THE DIAL for publishing library notes. "THE DIAL," it says, "nearly always contains interesting library news, preferring, as a rule, the human and generally interesting side of library work to its statistical features." The same writer kindly corrects a false impression conveyed by a recent paragraph in these columns. The paragraph contained a reference to the "Letters of a Chinese Official," and, says our courteous critic, "gave the impression that the reply to the book by Mr. William J. Bryan was suppressed before publication. If THE DIAL cares to look at the book in the Chicago Public Library, it can find that Mr. Bryan says, in a prefatory note, that he wrote his reply believing the 'Letters' to be the work of a genuine Chinaman. Before publication he learned that an Englishman was the real author, but he decided to publish his work without alteration."

MAGAZINE MADNESS has never been more amusingly displayed than in the current announcement of a new sensational periodical. In its illustrations the new publication seems bent on rivalling the rainbow in polychromatic brilliance: it is, in fact, advertised as "the hottest pictorial proposition that ever hit a news-stand." And further, "if this brand-new idea in magazine making does not wake you up you are hopelessly asleep." Therefore "get a copy next issue, and wake up! Its pages teem with smashing good fiction, irresistible humor, serials that grip the human heart, things that appeal to the finer sensibilities, and special articles that will keep you entranced, enthralled, and make you watch anxiously for the next issue — which will be better still." If the first number is to send the reader into such a delirium of rapture, it is to be feared that the next, "which will be better still," will fairly paralyze him — will produce an effect so stunning as to be fatal. The very name of

the magazine—that of an electric appliance liable to be deadly to the touch—might be taken as a warning to the intending purchaser.

ACCESSIONS TO THE NATIONAL LIBRARY in the past year swell its total volume of books and pamphlets to near a million and a half—or 1,433,848, to be more exact—its pieces of music to 464,618, its prints to 253,822, and its maps and charts to 98,483. In addition to books reaching it through the regular channels, the library acquired, at so small a cost as almost to make the acquisition a gift, the Yudin Library (mainly in Russian) of more than 80,000 volumes on Russia and Siberia. The moving of this large collection from Krasnoarsk in Siberia to Washington took about three months' time. Some nine thousand works on Japan were also secured for the library by Dr. Asakawa of Yale. Another evidence of the rapid growth of this vast collection of books is furnished by the superintendent's call for more shelving. He advises the roofing over of the southeast courtyard and its conversion into a bookstack, nine tiers high.

THE YEAR'S EVENTS IN THE LIBRARY WORLD, as noted by "Public Libraries" in reviewing the most important happenings of 1907 in our library activity, were the discussion of the subject of permanent headquarters for the American Library Association; the discontinuance of official relations between this association and "The Library Journal"; the Copyright League's opposition, apparently successful, to the restriction of free importation of books for public libraries; the beginning of state commission work for libraries in Missouri and North Dakota, with somewhat similar activity in Kansas and Illinois; and the signal growth and development of the Library of Congress. Our national library, we are told, has now "advanced to third place among the great libraries of the world in size, while in the variety and extent of its activities it probably ranks first."

COMMUNICATION.

PROBLEMS OF THE SMALLER LIBRARIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As trustee of a village library, I was interested in a note in a recent number of your journal, concerning the professional status and pay of librarians. Were it not for the occasional library notes in the pages of THE DIAL, I should begin to think that the old ideal of having in the library a man or a woman who loves books (and their contents) had passed away,—this type which, professional or not, has been sought so eagerly by library boards among the graduates of library schools and elsewhere.

There is a pretty widespread feeling, I find, that library schools do not inculcate this kind of professionalism, but, rather, a spirit which is radically different. Certain it is that, whatever the aim of the schools, some trustees who have had experience with graduates of extended library courses have found them willing—shall I say eager?—to forget much of the instruction that had been given them, or else so tired of the backs of books that they could not care for their contents. This is hardly a professional spirit. In the smaller libra-

ries the librarians spend perforce the largest part of their time in such-work as cutting leaves, stamping books and magazines, placing papers on the racks and books on the shelves, charging and receiving books at the desk, writing catalogue cards, and doing simple bookkeeping. And this is hardly professional work. I have read of librarians who in addition to these duties, and some others that might be called professional, lured children to the library building and then to good reading by beautiful stories, or enticed adult appetites jaded by bad fiction to try some more substantial food, and by their personal activities invigorated the intellectual life of the entire community. But the small urban library, which perhaps most needs such personalities, almost never can find them, even among those who are "professionally" trained.

The problem that confronts a multitude of small libraries with incomes from \$1000 to \$3500 is to save enough money, after the running expenses are paid, to buy books. And it has seemed to more than one board of trustees that it was not justified in paying the salary, small though it is, of a graduate of a library school for such service as is rendered. Many of these boards, having the best interest of the library sincerely at heart, do not believe that the position of librarian should be filled by someone whose only qualification is that she has failed at teaching school or that she needs the financial help. That is not the alternative. There are in many communities men and women who, after short training, or by the exercise of common sense and by private study, can perform all the mechanical work of the library, and get other results fairly satisfactory to the community, even to those who are discriminating. Although untrained in the schools, they after a while learn the use of the few reference books that the small library affords; and if they are lovers of learning and of letters, they are of genuine help to the book committee in the selection of new books.

There remains the "classification according to Dewey." This is not the time to voice a complaint, which is as widespread among book-lovers as are books, against the "system"; it is now so generally used that we probably must accept it. But when trained librarians classify Trilby under French fiction, N. P. Willis under British poets, widely separate two books by the same author on the same subject, and are unable to agree on other classifications even after knowing what the books contain,—to illustrate briefly from personal observation,—it is no longer any wonder that the untrained make errors.

So my practical suggestion is this: If some library school, some board, or, preferably, the Library of Congress, would furnish upon application at a moderate price the correct classification of books according to the Dewey Decimal System, to which most libraries hereabouts are committed, small libraries could then secure service adequate to their needs and at the same time save enough money to buy some books with which to justify their existence. Even an enterprising book-supply house might satisfy this demand and incidentally enlarge its business. Of course the American Library Association Catalogue and Monthly Book List do this in a partial way, and some of these classification numbers are copied on the Library of Congress cards; but so far as I have been able to learn from professional librarians, there is no source from which one may secure the correct classification of all books that a library may care to buy.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS.

Jan. 21, 1908.

The New Books.

AN IRISH POET'S LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.*

Clearness, simplicity, and a modest charm of their own are found in the poems, now apparently little read, of William Allingham of Ballyshannon—for there he was born, in 1824, and there he spent much of his early life, cultivating his muse and sitting at the receipt of customs. His custom-house activities, much earlier entered upon and longer continued than Hawthorne's, were not entirely suspended until 1870, when he settled in London and assumed the sub-editorship, under Froude, of "Fraser's Magazine." Meantime he had shifted from place to place, at one short period relinquishing his government position and trying a London literary life (which he speedily abandoned because he would be no publisher's hack), and at all times writing, and occasionally publishing, verses that enjoyed a more or less pronounced success in the world of letters. In spite of his ambitious narrative poem in heroic metre, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," which he put forth in his prime and regarded as his most important work, we think of him as an English rather than an Irish poet, and take far more pleasure in his short and simple "Day and Night Songs" than in that rather formidable social document which exhibits the fortunes of his Hibernian hero.

In "William Allingham: a Diary" is presented a fairly complete account, in a necessarily disjointed style, of the poet's life. The first thirty-three pages of the book are written out in autobiographic form, and bring Allingham's life down to his twenty-third year. At this point in the text the purpose of leaving behind him a full and formal autobiography seems to have been abandoned by the poet, and the rest of the book, which extends to four hundred ample pages, is made up of extracts from a very full but hastily written diary, with occasional passages of connecting narrative from Mrs. Allingham's pen, where the regular entries are for any cause intermitted.

Allingham's intimacy with Rossetti was brought to notice by the appearance in "The Atlantic Monthly," twelve years ago, of the pre-Raphaelite's letters (considered the best he ever wrote) to the Irish-born poet. And this was by no means the only literary friendship that Allingham formed in London: his diary shows him to have been a welcome guest at the homes of nearly all the writing folk of his time. Leigh

Hunt was apparently the first celebrity to "take up" the young poet, but intimate relations were soon knit with Burne-Jones, Browning, Rossetti, Tennyson, Carlyle, and many others. So constant a visitor was he to the house in Cheyne Row that Carlyle's niece once told her uncle, "People say Mr. Allingham is to be your Boswell"; to which the answer was, "Well, let him try it. He's very accurate."

Taken from school at fourteen to go into a bank at Ballyshannon, whence he soon entered the customs service, Allingham was forced to educate himself in all branches higher than the rudiments of learning; and it speaks well for his industry and his good natural parts that he was able to stand on a footing of equality with contemporary English men of letters. A diary extract, written in 1847, gives some interesting glimpses of Leigh Hunt as young Allingham saw him when he first visited him in London.

"Sunday Evening, June 27. — 32 Edwardes Square, and find Leigh Hunt at last. I was shown into the study and had some minutes to look round at the Book-cases, Busts, old framed engravings, and to glance at some of the books on the table, diligently marked and noted in the well-known neatest of hand-writings. Outside the window climbed a hop on its trellis. The door opened and in came the Genius Loci, a tallish young old man, in dark dressing-gown and wide turned-down shirt-collar, his copious iron-gray hair falling almost to his shoulders. The friendly brown eyes, simple yet fine-toned voice, easy hand-pressure, gave me greeting as to one already well-known to him. Our talk fell first on reason and instinct; he maintained (for argument's sake, I thought) that beasts may be equal or superior to men. He has a light earnestness of manner, and toleration for almost every possible different point of view from his own. Of freewill he said, 'I would much rather be without it. I should like to feel myself taken care of in the arms of beneficent power. . . . Browning — lives at Peckham, because no one else does! a born poet, but loves contradictions. Shakespeare and Milton write plainly, the Sun and Moon write plainly, and why can't Browning?' I suggested he was the Turner of poetry, to which Leigh Hunt replied, 'Now, you've said it! He's a pleasant fellow, has few readers, and will be glad to find you admire him.' (!) 'I shall now be able to see my friends oftener, and will take an opportunity of asking Dickens, Carlyle, and Browning to meet you.' (Gracious Powers!!!) 'I would do so for few.'"

The following, dated Oct. 4, 1863, shows Tennyson in an unfamiliar (and involuntary) attitude; it also contains one out of many illustrations of Allingham's quickness of wit.

"T. takes me upstairs to his 'den' on the top-story, and higher, up a ladder, to the leads. He often comes up here a-night to look at the heavens. One night he was watching shooting-stars and tumbled through the hatchway, falling on the floor below, a height of at least ten feet I should say. The ladder probably broke his fall and he was not hurt. I quoted 'A certain star shot madly from his sphere.'"

* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: A DIARY. Edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A still further excerpt, referring to an earlier visit at the Tennyson home, is worth giving for its introduction of Edward FitzGerald as *raconteur*. The story he tells is found somewhere in his letters, but may be not too stale for reproduction here.

"Returning to the drawing-room I found Mrs. Tennyson—sweet, pale, and kind; Mr. Frederick Tennyson the eldest of the brothers, and Mr. Edward FitzGerald (*Omar Khayyám*). . . . Mr. FitzGerald ('Fitz'), an old and intimate friend, told droll stories with a quaint gravity, much amusing Mrs. Tennyson in particular. One was about old Miss Edgeworth, whom he knew, and her turban. She used to take it off for coolness and resume it when visitors were announced. One day by some mischance a strange gentleman came into the room and found her writing with her almost bald pate plainly visible. Miss E. started up with the greatest agility, seized her turban which lay close by, and darted through an opposite door, whence she quickly reappeared with the decoration upon her head, but unluckily turned wrong side foremost."

Carlyle figures frequently in the diary, and many of his sayings are quoted—all characteristic, but not often of any great moment. The following remarks are as quotable as any.

"C. spoke of Sydney Smith, to whom he was able to give no praise at all. 'The nature of true Wit is very much misunderstood. Sydney said nothing worth remembering. He said "it took a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head"; the thing is, that what Sydney presented was not a joke worth admitting into any one's head, and the Scotchman refused to have anything to do with it. The Scotch are a people with a large appreciation of fun very generally among them. . . . I remember seeing Sydney Smith setting himself to make a company laugh, and I left him there at it, reflecting what a wretched ambition it was in any man.' . . . He spoke of a debate long ago at the London Library about the appointment of a Librarian. C. was for one man, Gladstone for a certain Italian. C. said: 'I discovered then that Gladstone had the art of speaking. He and I were like Valentine and Orson. I laid about with a rough club, he got up in shining armour and drew his sword. But all in vain, too; by no sleight of fence could he carry his point.'"

Allingham died on the 18th November, 1889. Shortly before he drew his last breath he said, "I am seeing things that you know nothing of." By his express wish, his body was cremated, no funeral service being held, and only a few relatives and friends being present at the cremation. Mr. F. G. Stephens, the oldest of the assembled friends, read aloud Allingham's own "Poet's Epitaph,"—

"Body to purifying flame,
Soul to the Great Deep whence it came,
Leaving a song on earth below,
An urn of ashes white as snow."

In literary charm the book suffers from being so largely a *rudis indigestaque moles*—for which, however, no one is to blame, unless we choose to quarrel with the dead poet for drop-

ping so soon the autobiography that he had begun to frame out of his diary material. This too-short portion, indeed, does possess a very readable quality. Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Radford have done good editorial work; and the four portraits reproduced from Mrs. Allingham's own water-color drawings—two of her husband and one each of Tennyson and Carlyle—are interesting. Other illustrations, and an index prepared by Miss Toulmin Smith, together with a list of Allingham's works, are also provided.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE CASE AGAINST GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.*

"Municipal Ownership in Great Britain" and "The British State Telegraphs" are the titles of the second and third volumes in a series of five books which Professor Hugo Meyer, formerly of the University of Chicago, has undertaken to write on public regulation and government ownership and operation of the public-service industries—the railway, the telegraph, the street railway, the electric light, and the telephone. The first volume, published more than a year ago, dealt with government regulation of railway rates, and attracted special attention on account of the author's strong opposition to such regulation.

The volume on "Municipal Ownership" covers rather fully the industries of street railways, gas, and electric light, and altogether contains a formidable argument against the policy indicated by the title. That policy, the author maintains, has wellnigh paralyzed street-railway building in the United Kingdom and placed the tramway industry on a losing financial basis. Comparing English and American conditions, he reaches the conclusion that the people living in the cities and towns of the United Kingdom have at their service less than a quarter of the street-railway facilities enjoyed by people living in the towns and cities of the United States (p. 91). Had the urban population of the United Kingdom, in January, 1906, been as well supplied with electric street-railways as was the urban population of the United States in 1902, he affirms, the United Kingdom would have had, not 3040 miles of electric street-railway track, but 14,000 miles (p. 301). Taking

* THE BRITISH STATE TELEGRAPHS. A Study of the Problems of a Large Body of Civil Servants in a Democracy. By Hugo Richard Meyer. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND THE TELEPHONE IN GREAT BRITAIN. Restriction of the Industry by the State and the Municipalities. By Hugo Richard Meyer. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the much-discussed Glasgow system as a specific illustration, the author shows that this city and its suburbs, containing a population of upwards of a million inhabitants, has less than 140 miles of street-railway track (p. 74) — facilities which do not begin to compare with those of American cities. Moreover, he says, if the facilities were greater the people of Glasgow would be unable to use them, because the system of graded fares, which for suburban residents would be the equivalent of six, seven, or eight cents, would be practically prohibitive (p. 108).

The situation with regard to the gas and electric-lighting industries, Professor Meyer insists, is little if any better. Two hundred and eighty municipalities in the United Kingdom own their gas-plants, of which only forty per cent are on a paying basis (p. 174). Compared with the United States, the electric light facilities of the United Kingdom are grossly inadequate. In June, 1902, there were, he says, 3620 central electric stations in American cities as against 457 in 1904 in British municipalities (p. 261). After British cities had "paralyzed individual initiative and private adventure" by municipal ownership, the cities themselves declined to step in and supply the needed facilities which otherwise would have been provided. The cities of Great Britain, the author asserts, have thus far shown themselves incapable of utilizing fully the industries given them ready-made by the American captives of industry. They have failed to "suburbanize" their populations by means of adequate transportation facilities, and have thereby shown an "indifference to and a disregard of the public health, physical as well as moral, that for brutality have no parallel in the records of private industry." Scarcely less brutal, he contends, is the disregard by British cities of the welfare of the hundred thousand people who might find employment in the electrical industries if the cities would but remove their paralyzing hand (p. 324). Professor Meyer's conclusions are as follows:

"The upshot of thirty-five years of action upon the doctrine that the public service industries that make use of the public streets differ from ordinary trading and manufacturing ventures, and must be made to share their profits with the public at large, is that the people of the United Kingdom have at their disposal about one-quarter the street railway facilities, one-third the electric lighting facilities, and less than one-quarter the telephone facilities, that they would have to have before they could be said to be as well supplied with these facilities as are the people of the United States."

Professor Meyer's third volume, like the second, might well be styled "the case against government ownership," for his indictment

against state ownership of the telegraph is no less strong than that against the municipalization of the street railways. It will be remembered that the British government took over the telegraph lines of the United Kingdom in 1870, paying therefor \$40,000,000, which Mr. Meyer thinks was excessive (p. 5). The complaints against private ownership and operation were that the charges were too high, a fact which tended to check the growth of telegraphic correspondence; that there were frequent delays of messages; that many important communities were unprovided with telegraphic facilities; and that in many places the telegraph office was inconveniently remote from the centre of business. It was pointed out that the experience of Belgium and Switzerland with state ownership had been very successful, having greatly stimulated the growth of telegraphic correspondence by a substantial reduction of charges. But, according to Mr. Meyer, the expectations of the friends of state ownership in England have not been realized. The revenues have, with rare exceptions, fallen below the amount estimated, while the expenses of operation have been excessive (pp. 87, 386). On the whole, he concludes that the verdict of British experience under public ownership and operation has shown the doctrine to be untenable. Instead of purifying politics it has corrupted politics by giving a great impetus to the "insidious practice of class bribery" (p. 387). In one respect he admits that nationalization of the telegraph has met the expectations of its advocates, — namely, in the enormous extension of telegraphic correspondence, though too often this relates to matters the encouragement of which by the state may well be open to question.

JAMES W. GARNER.

EARL PERCY AND HIS DINNER-GUESTS.*

In "Earl Percy's Dinner-Table" Mr. Murdock has produced an unusual book — an historical monograph possessing both unquestionable authenticity and rare distinction of style. Its plan and the stately classicism of its style suggest Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"; its method of research, Mr Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Vignettes." A light touch, a vivid imagination, a gift for the illuminating epithet that shall paint a character, picture a scene, or produce an atmosphere, — these are the qualities that distinguish Mr.

* EARL PERCY'S DINNER-TABLE. By Harold Murdock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Murdock's little book. Already known as the author of several important historical works, he now shows that he can clothe dry bones and make them live, — not in the hackneyed form of historical fiction but as a rare and refreshing bit of imaginative history. Issued as one of the Riverside Press special editions, the volume is printed and bound in a fashion that suits its unusual quality. The only illustration is the frontispiece, which shows an engraved portrait of Earl Percy by Sidney L. Smith, from a print in the author's possession, combined, within a graceful border, with a modern vignette of the Earl's dinner-table.

Mr. Murdock has chosen the dinner-table in Earl Percy's Winter Street house as a convenient vantage-point from which to survey the life of Boston in 1774. The episode falls into three parts: the first, opening with a vivid account of the landing of Percy's regiment in Boston, characterizes the Earl and a group of his officers, and relates, as an extract from the (non-existent) journal of Captain William Glanville Evelyn of "The King's Own," the conversation at one of the Earl's dinners; the second is concerned with the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill and the dark days that followed, when, for obvious reasons, "dinner-giving was going out of fashion in Boston," and the evacuation of the town was only a matter of time; the third is in the nature of an after-piece, sketching briefly the future careers — in America, England, or India — of the gallant group of officers who had been wont to gather around Earl Percy's hospitable board.

The chief authorities for the more original features of the narrative are Earl Percy's own letters, those of John Andrews, Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Sarah Bunbury, and others, and the files of the Boston newspapers of the day, — sources which are indicated in an appendix of notes. A complete bibliography would extend to alarming proportions, and include every available book, pamphlet, and document; for it is evident that the easy, unstudied manner of the narrative is due to the author's perfect acquaintance not only with the episodes which his book touches upon but also with the entire history of the period.

In its main outlines, the story of the Boston siege is as familiar as any in our history; but with the stately Earl Percy in the foreground, in place of Paul Revere and the Concord minutemen, it takes on a fresh interest. The Earl wrote home of Boston, — its people, whom he called "a set of sly, artful, hypocritical rascals,

cruel, and cowards," and its climate, which took him to "the Torrid and Frigid Zone frequently in the space of 24 hours." In order that he might enjoy the scenery of the suburbs he bought a riding-horse, for which he paid £450, and sent to New York "for a pair of chaise horses that were to his mind." Then he rented a house, pleasantly situated within its garden at the head of Winter Street, and was ready to play the host "to the officers of the Line and occasionally the Gentlemen of the Country."

"It is pleasant to see him receiving the Common each afternoon to do the honors of his mansion, and day by day and week by week it is interesting to watch his guests passing in and out the great door. It opens to officers in scarlet and gold, and to officers in the blue of the Royal Navy, to gentlemen in silk and brocade, and to gentlemen in velvet and lace. Old Dr. Caner goes up the path leaning upon his stick, the great coach of Colonel Royall lumbers up to the garden gate, the chaise of Judge Lee waits in Winter Street to carry his Honor back to Cambridge. All those who love the King within this stern old New England town rejoice in the polite summons that brings them to Earl Percy's dinner-table."

At the particular dinner that Captain Evelyn describes, the civilian element was ably represented by the Reverend Mather Byles, preacher, poet, and wit, arrant Tory and so "in the eyes of the army the most sensible as well as the most delightful clergyman in Boston." The other places were filled by army and navy officers, invited to meet Lord Percy's boy friend, young Roger Sheaffe, who is about sailing for England to study for a commission.

"The Earl has presented him to-night to his future comrades of the army, and the radiant face of the boy must be a pleasant sight in his lordship's eyes."

Pleasant banter over the boy's ambition to "wear the red coat" runs around the table. Doctor Byles's witty sallies throw old Major Pitcairn into convulsions of mirth. Local affairs, London scandal and literary gossip furnish topics of conversation. The Earl, who presides gracefully, asks Dr. Byles if he admires the verse of Dr. Goldsmith, lately deceased.

"Dr. Byles replied that he regarded Goldsmith as an ingenious man of excellent promise, though not to be compared with his old friend and correspondent, Mr. Pope."

Then Earl Percy spoke of his family's connection with the poet, and Captain Harry Fox, Lord Holland's "only good son," recalled his brother Charles's acquaintance with him.

"He feared that the poet's death had been hastened by the burden of heavy debts. Here Gould muttered in my ear to wonder whether, if Lord Holland had not come to the financial relief of Charles Fox, that portly gambler would have been crushed as easily as the Duke's scribbling friend from Grub Street."

It is all very courtly and care-free; but when the time for work comes these leisurely diners-out prove themselves excellent fighters. As for Earl Percy's scornful estimate of the colonists, he was prompt to revise it on the evidence of April nineteenth, in writing of which he paid high and generous tribute to their courage and perseverance. Mr. Murdock describes the Earl reviewing his brigade on the morning of that fateful day.

"And the expression on his Lordship's face is not the one we find in Mr. Stuart's painting, nor that familiar to guests at his dinner-table."

But the Earl and his friends were not yet discouraged. Dinner-giving went merrily on in Boston, with the choice of guests greatly augmented by the advent of many frightened loyalists and the arrival of the frigate *Cerberus*.

"One is tempted to glance again into the old dining-room and mark the new faces that gather there, to hear Colonel Saltonstall and Mr. Vassall lament the inconveniences of the time, to hear Clinton tell his memories of the fighting Prince of Brunswick, and listen to Burgoyne's graceful and racy recital of the gossip that is amusing high life in London."

But soon came the disillusionment of Bunker Hill, and then, after a long cold winter — enlivened chiefly by Burgoyne's wit as a playwright — the evacuation, and the scattering of Earl Percy's dinner-guests to the four corners of the earth. It is the best possible evidence of Mr. Murdock's art that we read of their future careers with interest, and part from them, after so slight an acquaintance, as from friends.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

A MAN FROM MAINE.*

In the political lingo of a few years ago "The man from Maine" was a very common expression; but it did not mean the man who is really best entitled to rank as Maine's prime contribution to American statesmanship. The name of William Pitt Fessenden has figured little in the press of the present generation, nor have the writers of United States histories made it familiar to the children of the public schools. The appearance of his biography, however, will awaken very vivid recollections in the minds of men who lived through the Civil War and the troubled era of Reconstruction. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed come most readily to mind to-day, when the State of Maine is mentioned; but it lay not in the character of Blaine nor in

the opportunities of Reed — perhaps not in the native ability or acquired knowledge of either — to render to the country the enormous and vital services rendered by Fessenden during the eight years which remained to him after the outbreak of the Civil War. As one thinks of the long train of evils which traces straight back to the sins and blunders of Civil War finance, it might not seem propitious to recall the fact that Senator Fessenden was Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee during the entire war period, except for the few months when he held the Treasury portfolio after the resignation of Secretary Chase. The fact was, however, that his keen financial instinct scented the essential rottenness of every serious fallacy proposed, and these fallacies became a part of our law and practice only in cases where his wise advice went down before the unwisdom of superior numbers. The issue of legal-tender notes was against all his ideas of financial good sense and national honor; and though compelled by the attitude of his Committee to report the bill, he supported a motion to strike out the legal-tender clause on the floor of the Senate. During the months of his service as Secretary of the Treasury, 1864-65, he successfully resisted all demands for currency inflation, not a dollar being added to the amount outstanding at his accession. It was his influence that secured the act of March 3, 1865, forbidding the further issue of legal tenders; and one of his first services on returning to the Senate was to lead through that body, against the opposition of John Sherman, a bill to hasten the elimination of this dangerous element from our financial system. By 1868, however, misguided public clamor swept the Senate from its moorings and Fessenden was one of but four who had the moral courage to stand out against the repeal of this wise provision. That much of the financial folly and disaster of the past forty years might have been spared but for the throwing overboard of the trained pilot, is the opinion of practically every well-equipped student of our financial history to-day.

But the crowning display of Senator Fessenden's sound sense and moral courage was his defeat — for it was essentially his — of the ill-advised movement to get rid of a politically obnoxious President by impeachment. The case is all the more striking in that Fessenden, though a thoroughly kind man at heart, was by temperament extremely irritable under the stimulus of just such foolish conduct as President Johnson was continually perpetrating, and there was really no more effective opponent of all the

* LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN. By his son, Francis Fessenden. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

President's distinctive policies in the entire Senate than Fessenden himself. As one reads his private letters during this trying period, as well as his public utterances, it is clear that his merely human impulses were urging him all the time toward conviction, not because conviction was the thunderous demand of his party, but because the President's course was in almost all its essential features utterly repugnant to his ideas of right and of the country's welfare. But over against all this was the one fact of his sworn obligation as an honest man to decide the case before him in rigid accordance with the law and the evidence. It would be hard to find a more temperate, dignified, and utterly crushing rejoinder, than his reply to a clamorous letter from Neal Dow, demanding that he should "hang Johnson up by the heels like a dead crow in a cornfield, to frighten all his tribe." "Eternal infamy," roared Ben Butler, "unless you vote to convict!" And perhaps four-fifths of Fessenden's constituents were sufficiently carried away by the excitement of the moment to echo Butler's words. Forty years have passed since then. Blaine long ago apologized at length, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," for the part that he had taken in the impeachment movement, and his change of heart was shared by many another after passion had time to cool. The moral consciousness of Maine had largely righted itself towards its greatest and purest statesman within the one short year of life which remained to him after the famous trial closed, and it would be hard to find a sane man in the land to-day who would not be willing to have the career of William Pitt Fessenden held up to his sons as a worthy example of upright, intelligent, and patriotic manhood. As for Butler, dealing out his thunderbolts of eternal disgrace to those who would not fall in with a programme of passionate partisanship of which he may now be recognized as a thoroughly fitting leader — what better fate than silence can his great misuse of great talents ever hope for? As one reads over Fessenden's recorded opinion in this historic case, together with the extracts which his biographer includes from that of Sumner, he is forced to the conviction that here is a moral height which even Sumner, through his inability to control some of the prejudices and weaknesses which fastened themselves upon one of the greatest minds and hearts of the age, was unable to reach.

Fessenden's name, as has already been said, is not a part of the mental furniture of to-day,

nor is his quiet and unassuming style of virtue exactly that which appeals to the popular taste in an age which admires men who "do things" more noisily than he, if not always more successfully. It is unfortunate, therefore, that his biography could not have had the benefit of competent literary training as well as filial affection. Still, after shortcomings on that score are discounted, one finds in this story of a public man who never "put his ear to the ground" to listen for the voice of duty, never "climbed into the bandwagon" in search of office, never chose to go against his conscientious judgment a hair's breadth rather than "get left," a piece of biography so morally invigorating as to deserve, in its own very different way, a place alongside the reminiscences of Carl Schurz.

W. H. JOHNSON.

RECENT POETRY.*

The "New Poems" of Mr. Stephen Phillips will not add materially to his reputation, but they maintain a fairly high level of performance. Always serious, and a master of the note of tremulous passion, this poet knows how to impart his mood to others, and bear them away upon the wings of his imagination. This power may be illustrated by a passage from his "Endymion" — the passage conveying Selene's invitation to the shepherd.

"Wilt thou come,
And drift upon this bosom through the deep?
Say, wilt thou lead a life which, though less bright,
Is beautiful to those of noon away,
The rarer day of spirits exquisite?
Is it so little ocean to allure,
Or rise in silence on the battle-field;
To soothe the spires and steeples of the world,
Or the blue-darting pyramids; to clothe
In lovely raiment even the starkest crag;
Make the Sahara like a lily bloom,
A huge and delicate flower; to reconcile
The coldest hills; to fill the gaps of stone,
To glaze with glory intervals of Time;
To breathe into the bones of cities dead
An argent soul, reweave the passionate halls
Where waves the grass, and prostrate empires old
Raise into trembling immortality?"

This fine appeal offers several examples of verbal infelicity, and one verse sets us wondering what

* NEW POEMS. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The John Lane Co.

SONGS FROM THE CLASSICS. By Charles F. Grindrod. Second Series. London: David Nutt.

IN GRASMERE VALE, and Other Poems. By James A. Mackereth. London: David Nutt.

POEMS. By M. Compton Mackenzie. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

THE FIRE DIVINE. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

BLANK VERSE PASTELS. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.

THE PASSING OF TIME. By William de Forest Thomson. New York: Robert Grier Cooke.

SEMITONES. By A. A. C. New York: Brentano's.

Selene could have known of "spires and steeples," but it is an impressive passage for all that, and contains the essence of poetry. Mr. Phillips, as we have long since learned, has the power of re-stating the themes of old-world history and legend in terms that have just the touch of modern imagination needed for the renewal of their freshness. Other examples in this volume are the poems on Orestes, on Guenevere, on the Lady Edith seeking Harold's body at Senlac, and the one-act Corinthian tragedy that rounds out the book. Left entirely to his own resources, Mr. Phillips does not seem to us a vertebrate poet, but he can drape the limbs of old romance in very graceful folds.

A second series of Mr. Charles F. Grindrod's "Songs from the Classics" includes poems upon a number of Greek myths—*Oedipus*, *Tithonus*, *Hermes*, *Iphigenia*, and half a dozen others. They are narratives rather than songs, although they contain an element of philosophical lyricism. This may be illustrated by a stanza from the *Oedipus* poem.

"Life's book is still a wonder to our wit—
Here torn, there faded, blurred its lettered gold.
Fainter the writing on the scroll
Shows as the parchment we unroll;
And what we read is like a tale half-told,
Lost the beginning, and the end unwrit."

This is not much more than commonplace, and we quote it mainly as an example of a peculiar stanzaic form. Another form affected by the author is employed in the *Iphigenia* poem, and is illustrated by this stanza of the maiden's plaint.

"O star-crowned Artemis! O purest light
That burns in heaven! Whose rays divine
Ever on hapless maidens shine!
Thou who dost sail the flame-fringed sky
Cloudless in thy virginity!—
Stoop from thy silver car that climbs the night,
And let my grief be gladdened with thy sight!"

"In *Grasmere Vale*, and *Other Poems*," is a small volume of verse by Mr. James A. Mackereth. The titular poem suggests Wordsworth, and yields these sympathetic stanzas of tribute and invocation.

"Spirit! of passion all unblown,
And eminent o'er things that cloy,
Oh, teach us something of thine own
Tranquillity and joy!"

"Teach us our souls to guard and keep,
To feel when onward rudely hurled
Through cities, when we laugh and weep,
The gladness of the world."

"Lead us by paths that folly flies,
From random gauds that dazzle our youth
To that simplicity that lies
Upon the breast of Truth!"

This is of a piece with the utterance of such latter-day Wordsworthians as Arnold and Mr. Watson. But we find also in the new poet the Meredithian note of rapture.

"I will get me again to clean-smelling moorlands and fells,
And gather the wisdom I squandered far off in my youth,
And gaze in the fond tender faces where innocence dwells,
And kindness and truth;

And be glad with the winds and the waters, with the birds
and the trees and the flowers,
And taste yet again with delight the munificent hours.

"I will take the glad earth to wife,
Will claim her green bosom for bed,
I will drink at the fountains of life,
And beauty shall be to me bread."

Thus the slow gravity of the Wordsworthian conception of nature is quickened by the modern spirit of the joy of living, and that which was to the older poet a refuge becomes to the younger one an animated and responsive personality. We even get an echo of Mr. Swinburne in the stanzas on "Man and the Sea," the last of which is this:

"O to be one for the space of an hour with thee, breath of
thy breath,
Wild with the might of thy joy, and tempestuously hurled,
One with thy wonderful waves, proud scorner of death,
Queen-bride of the world!"

In fact, Mr. Mackereth sometimes seems to scorn the Wordsworthian temper that he elsewhere lauds, and to repudiate the very thought of resignation. The following lines, addressed to the poet (generically speaking), might have been penned by Henley.

"For thee the elevation and the calm,
The aloofness that, not unallied to pain,
Feeds on supernal sorrows, and drinks deep
Of joys denied to mortals. Hence for thee
The far-off acclamations of the stars,
And spiritual benedictions, and soft peace;
For me the tramp, the tumult, and the cry,
The curse from loud lips flung, the tyrant's rage,
The smile from frailty foully overborne.
For thee the ethereal pomp and proud repose;
For me the laughter of comrades, tear and toil,
The inspiring clasp of life-warm human hands,
Hope, hate, strong love—the throbbing whole of life,
The blow, the sting, the rush magnificent,
Toward that one breach, piled with God's vehement dead,
Where Death the archer waits behind the wall!"

Mr. M. Compton Mackenzie, in his "Poems," affects the pastoral convention.

"Come, my Corinna, come with me and live
Away in some far-hidden pastoral nook;
Stay not, Corinna, you and I could give
The very scythe of Time an easeful look.
I have a grey house set beside a stream,
With casements opening on the West and East;
There may you live and there forever dream
Till swallows flit no more and flowers have ceased."

Thus pleasantly does the volume open, inviting the reader no less than Corinna to its pages. The alternate rhyme is Mr. Mackenzie's favorite mode of expression, varied now and then by *terza rima*, or the more complicated arrangements of the sonnet. We are greatly taken with the stanzas on "Love in November."

"To-day the world is chill with stagnant breath,
Life is a web of half-forgotten dreams,
The year a way-worn traveller nigh to death:
The winter-weary winds, the sighing streams,
Are like the voices of the thin moonbeams;
The haughty sun is now no longer king.
Love is the only constant thing, it seems;
We two who love may still remember Spring."

"And yet how long it is, since you and I
Went, hand in hand, to watch for one fair hour
The river's silver shadows sweeping by.
For us a moment's sadness was a shower,
A moment's joy the beauty of a flower.
Ah, sweet! can you remember that lost kiss
When we were lord and lady of Love's tower,
So high we seemed above the world's abyss?"

Ease and amplitude, picturesqueness and imagination, are the qualities of Mr. Mackenzie's exquisite verse. His taste is wellnigh faultless, and his feeling for rhythm leaves little to be desired. The serious note prevails, but is occasionally forgotten, as in these stanzas to the memory of a favorite bulldog.

"Thou need'st not any longer fear the snow,
And howl despondent when the driving rain
Bids thee frequent the rug and fireside-glow,
Or draws thee hopeless to the window pane:
For thee all Winters have long gone before,
And endless Springs await thee evermore.

"For now across an amaranthine field
The spirits of bad rabbits flee thy bark,
And haply some dread fox, sent unannealed
Below, is chased into the outer dark,
Where spectral traps and ghostly gins abound,
And through the gloom the hostile horns resound.

"And when we shiver by the Stygian mere
Above the lamentations through the dark,
Upon the bank remote, shall we not hear
A hollow and attenuated bark?
Then with the hero-dogs we'll see thee stand
Alert to greet us on the murky strand."

Mr. Mackenzie's sonnets number hardly more than a dozen, but each is a gem. "The Lilies of the Field" shall be our selection, reluctantly leaving the beauty of the others to be inferred.

"Thy soul is not enchanted by the moon;
No influential comet draws thy mind
To steeples intolerable where all behind
Is dark, and many ruined stars are strewn.
But thou, contented, canst enthral the tune
That haunts each wood and every singing wind;
Thou, fortunate philosopher, canst find
The dreams of Earth in every drowsy noon.

"Match not thy soul against the seraphim;
They are no more than moths blown to and fro
About the tempest of the eternal Will.
Rest undismayed in field and forest dim
And, childlike, on some morning thou shalt know
The certain faith of a March daffodil."

Mr. Gilder's volumes are small but numerous, and "The Fire Divine" is the ninth to bear his name. The contents are occasional pieces for the most part, and Mr. Gilder is one of the happiest of our poets when it comes to the penning of a suitable tribute to an event or a person. It may perhaps be said that his tendency in this species of composition is to let emotion get the better of thought, or to allow the idea to become obscured in a mist of sentiment. But better this defect (if it be one) than the fault of viewing the subject in too dry a light. Mr. Gilder's "Under the Stars," which is a requiem for Saint-Gaudens, is the most elaborate of

the memorial poems now published. We extract two of the fourteen stanzas.

"Ye stars! all music to the spirit's ear!
Before the imperial music-masters knelt
This master of an art sublime, austere;
The very soul of music in him dwelt,
So in his lines the haunting strains of lyres,
From gracious forms deep tones symphonic spring;
Once more we hear the sound of heavenly wires,
Again the stars of morn together sing.

"O fateful stars! that led the climbing way
Of that dear, martyred son of fate and fame, —
The supreme soul of an immortal day, —
Linked with his name is our great sculptor's name;
For now in art eternal breathes again
The gaunt, sweet presence of our chief of men, —
That soul of tenderness, that spirit stern,
Whose fires divine forever flame and burn."

Among the brief tributary poems we may mention those inscribed to Schurz, Aldrich, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, and Mr. Edward McDowell. Each of these strikes exactly the right note, and at the same time indicates how fine and high are the poet's own ideals. Now and then, irregular rhythms are essayed in this volume, and even poems in prose, but these experiments we cannot regard as upon the level of the work done in accordance with the rules of the poetic art.

Another of the small volumes that Mr. Clinton Scollard modestly puts forth from year to year has come to hand. It is called "Blank Verse Pastels," which indicates that it invites the severest of tests, for the poetic gift may be most certainly measured when the poet renounces the adventitious aid of rhyme. We can pay Mr. Scollard no better tribute than to say that he seems to us more of a poet than ever in the pages of this little book. There are about thirty poems, few exceeding a single page in length. We select "Sleep, the Almoner" for quotation.

"Adown the voids and vastnesses of night
Haste thou to me, O almoner of Rest!
Come with thy fardel full of fairest dreams,
And strew them round about me, as the spring
Scatters the cloistral wake-robins in May;
For I am over-weary, and would dwell
Only with fantasy; would droop and drowse
Lulled as with lutes: would lie on blossom-beds
Scented with savors of oblivion;
Down paradisaal streams would glide 'neath sails
Tinted like golden gonfalons; would taste
Honeys more luscious than are those that ooze
From the bruised cells of Hymettæan combs!
All this for gift is thine, O almoner;
Then speed thee on thy pinnions, snow-fall soft,
Adown the voids and vastnesses of night!"

Mr. Scollard shifts from iambs to trochaics and anapaests now and then, thus giving no little variety to the collection, despite its lack of rhyme.

A pensive mood, expressing itself now by means of the conventional imagery, now with touches of harsh realism, is found in "The Passing of Time," by Mr. William de Forest Thomson. Irregular

unrhymed measures are the rule, as may be seen in the lines entitled "Ashes."

"Clouds of soft grey and whitened smoke arise
From the rich pasturage and fertile meadow land
Where the sere grass and wreckage of the Winter lies
afame,
Ascending to the sun in holocaust of glory
That new glory should appear out of the ashes of the
funeral pyre.

"Strange mystery of nature's power,
One dying that another should be born,
One born to bring another death,
Death after life, and life from death,
Winter to dissolution sinks; and Spring is born."

This verges upon platitude, and yet is not without its charm. In this minor key, Mr. Thomson sings the phases of the day and the seasons of the changing year.

A sheaf of lyrics and sonnets called "Semitones," by "A. A. C.," is marked by graceful sentiment and tender feeling. What could be prettier, in their way, than these simple stanzas:

"So many things I longed to say
To her who is my heart's delight,
I said them over day by day,
I held them in my mind at night.

"But, when at last the moment came
That I so long had wished might come,
Before Love's burning altar-flame
My tongue was mute, my lips were dumb."

Here is a poem, perhaps not more serious, of graver import.

"Thine ear is deaf, no errant word,
In all the ages that are gone,
Of all our praying hast Thou heard;
Of all our mournful cries, not one.

"Thy lips are dumb, no voice of Thine
The endless, envious years have known;
Unto our sight has come no sign,
Unto our waiting ears no tone.

"Thine anthem priest and pagan sing;
They gather round Thine altar-flame;
They worship, to whose worshipping
No benediction ever came.

"They name with awe Thy dread abode;
Thy dwelling they decree so far
That all must perish by the road
In Thought that leaps from star to star."

But with the "Anthem" comes the "Antiphone."

"They search too far who seek Thee there,
When Thou art near in flower and sheaf;
Thou art the answer and the prayer,
Alike believer and belief."

The sonnets in this collection are singularly fine, and perhaps the finest of them all is the "Atlantis."

"Who has not seen it, high in heaven set,
Cutting the skies in lines as clearly drawn
As when, from Bordighera's grove at dawn,
Far Corsica is seen in silhouette!

Vision of purple cloud and parapet;
Look well upon it ere the light be gone,
For there thy dearest hope is held in pawn;
It is the palace of thine own regret.

There is the land that lured thee to delight,
Stretching away beyond those luminous spires;
Enchanted river, wood and waterfall,
All vanishing upon the verge of night:
Behold the home of all thy lost desires!
Look upon Lethe flowing by the wall!"

There is a ripeness about these pieces that betokens maturity of reflective thought, and the fact that one of the poems, by admission, was written more than forty years ago, shows that the distillation of a long life is contained in the slender vial now offered us.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The man who could hold his position as commissary of police and afterwards as chief of police through the kaleidoscopic changes of government under Louis Philippe, the short-lived second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Commune must have been either very flexible or very fortunate; at all events he was very much of a personage, and could utter his *quorum pars magna fui* with something more than poetic approximation to truth. Such a personage was Monsieur Claude, whose memoirs, published in 1881, attracted considerable attention throughout Europe, and added much surprising material to the history of those troublous times. The memoirs were published in ten volumes, the first five of which bring the story down to the Siege of Paris and the Commune of 1871. The contents of these five volumes have now been condensed and translated into English by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley. The result is a handsome volume of over 300 pages, entitled "Memoirs of Monsieur Claude" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author entered the public service in 1830 as a clerk in the Tribunal of the Seine; and his rise, aided by his tact, shrewdness, good-nature, and what he modestly calls his *flair* for tracking criminals, was rapid. At the time of Orsini's murderous attempt on the Emperor's life (1858) Claude's promptness of action, based on private information, was rewarded by his appointment as chief of the criminal and detective police. This position he held during the rest of Napoleon III.'s ill-starred reign; and he rendered signal service to the Emperor at several critical junctures. Of his various adventures—worthy of Vidocq and Javert combined—when pursuing criminals of high or low degree, he speaks with a cheery self-appreciation which is quite infectious; and we find him in every episode occupying the centre of the stage. Certainly there are no other heroes in these picturesque pages: "I have seen, after the events of June, 1848,—I have seen with my own eyes Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, at that very time aspiring to the imperial purple, appear in the box of the theatre with his face and hands dirty, to curry favor with the sovereign people in the gallery. I have

seen Victor Hugo, standing on one foot, refuse a stool offered him from below by the malicious Béranger, that he might continue the cynosure of all the eyes of the adoring crowd that acclaimed him from the gallery. I have seen Rachel, the greatest tragedienne of modern times, who had had for her Mæcenases the courtiers of the most liberal of monarchies, sing the 'Marseillaise' before the foot-lights, and then drive off in the carriage of the Cæsars to the imperial palace." There are here related — and probably authentically — the details of some of the great crimes that shocked the middle of the nineteenth century; and the detective work by which many of them were uncovered and their perpetrators captured would have done credit to the deductive processes of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The translation, as might be expected from Miss Wormeley, is spirited and idiomatic; and the book is illustrated with portraits of Napoleon III., his family, Thiers, De Morny, Béranger, and other notabilities.

*Milton and
a study of
the epic form.*

It is a curious fact that almost all of the critical literature on Milton's poetry is of the general essay character. The work of the poet of Puritanism has called forth comparatively little of that form of literary investigation which one may call specialized studies. Those who have observed this lack in the literature on Milton will be interested in Miss Marianna Woodhull's new book "The Epic of Paradise Lost" (Putnam). The volume contains a series of twelve essays, which embody the results of scholarly investigation as well as a good deal of original thinking. The author's purpose is to establish the thesis that Milton's treatment of Adam's fall was demanded by the principles of the art-form he chose, and that his abandonment of the tragic form which he at first proposed to himself, grew out of his recognition of the "inevitable" distinction that separates the epic poem from the tragedy. "Paradise Lost," therefore, is not to be explained on the ground that Milton had an epic type of mind. What these principles of the epic are — to which the poet makes reference in the ninth book of "Paradise Lost" — is interpreted by Miss Woodhull in her first two essays on "What is an Epic?" and "The Christian Epic." The distinction between the epic and the tragic theme is found to lie not only in the largeness of the epic's scope and background, but also in its superiority as a medium for presenting such philosophical subjects as the problem of evil, free-will, and the plan of salvation for man. In her third essay the author presents in a scholarly and satisfactory way the parallelism of thought between the poet's prose essay, "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine," and his epic of "Paradise Lost." The artistic insight which led him to discard the tragic treatment of his theme, and which prevented Shakespeare from ever attempting it, was not shared in the same degree by other writers. This fact leads the author into an examination of four other seventeenth century versions of man's fall, whose inade-

quacy is explained by their development upon the tragic rather than upon the epic model. These are Grotius's "Adamus Exsul," Vondel's "Lucifer" and "Adam in Ballingschap," and Andreini's "L'Adamo." From the analyses given of these plays, the contention is well sustained that tragedy as such is too concrete, too limited in background and conception, for the successful handling of an abstract theme like that of the origin of evil on the earth. In the tenth essay a study is made of epic passages in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Marino's "Sospetto d' Herode," and in certain dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher, to show that these "were of more direct aid to Milton" than were those tragedies which are commonly supposed to have influenced him. In the twelfth essay, which closes the volume, Miss Woodhull presents the results of her investigation of the epic source of Milton's lyrics and the Miltonic influence on the lyric work of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron.

*A Scotchman's
special plea for
Mary Stuart.*

The fate of Mary Stuart is a subject of perennial interest. Tragedy and mystery have always appealed to the nature of man, and Mary's career was both tragic and mysterious. Just to what extent she was responsible for the criminal plottings that have darkened her fame, is a much debated question. Especially is it difficult to determine how far she was involved in the plots against the life of the English queen. The most recent work dealing with this problem is a volume by Mr. Samuel Cowan entitled "The Last Days of Mary Stuart" (Lippincott). The author is a resident of historic Perth, and has devoted a large part of his time and energies to the study of Scottish history in the sixteenth century. The work before us is, however, not so much a history as a lawyer's brief; and the brief is remarkable neither for lucidity nor for strength. Mr. Cowan assumes that the documents used in convicting Mary have been proved to be forgeries; there remains, therefore, nothing but the task of explaining certain suspicious circumstances and utterances that have been used against Mary, and this he has accomplished to his own evident satisfaction. He is equally facile in explaining the motives of the queen's enemies. Elizabeth hated Mary because she "was the nearest heir to the crown of England, and greatly her superior in every human accomplishment." Burleigh "compromised himself with a scheme for the destruction of a defenseless and innocent woman for no other reason than to please Elizabeth." Walsingham was the greatest villain of all; he executed Babington and his eleven confederates, not for plotting in favor of Mary or against Elizabeth, but because they were in position to prove Mary's innocence. To the discussion of the supposed forgeries, Mr. Cowan has added very little; he shows clearly how it was possible to intercept and interpolate Mary's correspondence, and indicates what changes are thought to have been made, but fails to produce a convincing argument. The matter

remains where it was left by such sympathetic historians as Dr. Lingard and Mr. Andrew Lang, — a charge supported by certain suspicious circumstances, but not yet proved. The value of Mr. Cowan's history lies in the documentary materials that he has introduced; more than half of the volume is given over to letters, journals, and proclamations. Of these, the most important is the journal of Burgoyne, who was Mary's physician; this records from day to day the events that occurred from August 11, 1586, to February 8, 1587, the day of the execution. In publishing this narrative the author has done a real service to history. Some of the letters included are also of great interest.

Parliamentary battles and debates of modern France.

M. Hanotaux has suggested the criticism of his third volume on "Contemporary France" (Putnam) in the words with which he opens his second chapter: "M. Thiers used to say, 'We have too much politics in this country.' There is always a fear lest history should fall into the same error, and allow itself to be invaded by the facile abundance of parliamentary papers." With the exception of half a chapter on the war-scare of 1875, the volume is filled with accounts of the parliamentary battles which resulted in the passage of the constitutional laws, and with the skirmishes in the new senate and chamber of deputies which led to the Sixteenth of May. This statement is not intended as a reflection of the sort which would condemn the work as tedious or uninteresting; such a reflection would be unjust. Indeed, there can be few pages of French history more interesting than the remarkably sympathetic narrative which M. Hanotaux has written of the way in which the National Assembly, a monarchical body, was forced, partly by public opinion skilfully interpreted by such men as Laboulaye and Wallon, and partly by the sheer impossibility of doing anything else, to create the constitution of the Third Republic. The account of the interposition, at successive crises of discussion, of the gentle but clear-minded M. Wallon, with a formula of action which accomplished indirectly what the monarchist majority could not be persuaded to do more frankly, brings every element of an extremely complex situation before the reader. And yet, taking the volume as a whole, M. Hanotaux has imposed too serious a burden upon the reader's powers of sustained attention. This difficulty would have been obviated had he not descended into minute details in dealing with less critical debates. Such full information upon the attitude of persons of secondary importance is to be looked for, rather, in a volume of personal memoirs. It would have been a relief to the attention, also, if more information had been given in regard to other phases of the history of these three years between 1874 and 1877. The story of the war-scare serves the purpose in a measure, and is, besides, a valuable analysis of all the evidence in the case. In reference to this affair, one cannot escape the feeling that although there may have been some real danger of

a German attack, the fears of France were excessive, and that the international "scare" was heightened by the French minister Decazes in order to place Germany, and particularly the diplomacy of Bismarck, at a moral disadvantage.

The history and distribution of animal life.

Few fields of scientific investigation combine fact and hypothesis to the degree that is necessitated in a study of the geographical distribution of animals. The facts are most diverse, coming as they do from various departments of knowledge; and in each field, moreover, critical discernment of significant data and of the accuracy of sources is essential. In the field of systematic zoology and botany, the investigator must have a wide knowledge of range of distribution of many species over large areas and a keen appreciation of specific differences and relationships. He must not only have this familiar acquaintance with the living fauna and flora, but he must also have an equally wide grasp on the more fragmentary data from the fossil world, both of the region under investigation and of adjacent and perhaps even of far distant countries. To this must be added a critical and constructive knowledge of the geological evidence of the changes in the coast-lines and boundaries of continents and islands in ages past, and probable climatic conditions which have accompanied those elevations and depressions of the earth's crust. It is a high grade of constructive imagination that is required to draw from this huge mass of details, from these diverse and often imperfect and even conflicting data a logical, defensible, and consistent presentation of the causes which underlie the distribution of animals and plants as they exist to-day upon the globe, or even in a limited part of it, as, for example, in Europe or the British Isles. It is for these reasons — lack of data, and primarily the need of the rare combination of wide knowledge and constructive imagination, — that the work of Wallace has stood for so many years with so few rivals in this field of biology. Dr. Scharff's "European Animals, their Geological History and Geographical Distribution" (Dutton) is noteworthy for the wide range of data drawn from these various fields and for a logical and consistent presentation of the salient facts. No treatise on the European fauna approaches it in the completeness and variety of its illustrative material, or compares with it in the grasp of the subject in its many-sided aspects. The combination of a figure of the animal or plant and a map of its distribution, which the author uses frequently, not only saves space but is very effective. The book has a full bibliography and a good index.

A study in mental pathology.

"No doubt the subject is a morbid one," confesses Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson in his preface to "The Altar Fire" (Putnam), "because the book deliberately gives a picture of a diseased spirit. But a pathological treatise, dealing with cancer or paralysis, is not necessarily morbid, though it may be

studied in a morbid mood." And as to the benevolent purpose of this picture of a suffering soul: "There are multitudes of people in like case; the very confession of the fact may help others to endure, because one of the darkest miseries of suffering is the horrible sense of isolation that it brings." The hero, and in truth the rather unheroic hero, of Mr. Benson's quiet tale, is a written-out novelist (we are not told his name) in the pages of whose diary, from September, 1888, to October, 1891, we have the record of his deepening gloom and his final calm submission to the divine will. The consciousness that creative power is no longer his, that the fire from heaven will nevermore descend upon him, is of course extremely painful to the diarist, and is not very cheerful in its effect on the reader. But as there are moods in which one finds Obermann a congenial spirit, so there are states of mind in which "The Altar Fire" may be read with a kind of melancholy pleasure. The book teaches, among other things, the insufficiency of art when the evil days overtake one. It also is full of details autobiographically interesting to the Benson-lover. Here, as in his other works, the author evidently draws on the accumulated treasure of well-filled note-books; and as he writes with a considerable experience of successful authorship to look back upon, he is able to touch, lightly and in passing, on some of the annoyances and vanities that attend this kind of popularity. The more serious ills that befall his patient hero, in the way of bereavement and pecuniary loss, are presumably more purely fictitious than the mental and moral tribulations he is made to undergo. The aching sense of literary barrenness, after a period of fertile productivity, may very well be one with which Mr. Benson is not unfamiliar. Possibly there are some pages of the book that attest this more unmistakably than the author had intended. But as a whole the volume has the wonted charm of its writer's quietly reflective and genially discursive manner.

*An astronomer's
conversations
on the Moon.*

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, one of the best American popularizers of astronomy, has been sojourning in France, and has just produced a book on the Moon (Appleton) which bears decided marks of French influence. The author frankly states in the preface that he has admired Fontenelle's "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds." As one reads, he is reminded also of the style of Flammarion. Mr. Serviss represents himself as talking with a lady of refinement and leisure, who lives by a beautiful private park from which there is a fine view of the sky. On the first "conversation" evening, the full moon attracts the lady's attention, and gives rise to various questions and explanations, the interest of which is heightened by a timely eclipse. The series of conversations about our nocturnal luminary is illustrated by fine photographs of its various phases; and afterwards large scale photographs of certain striking lunar formations are explained by the teacher to his fair pupil. Her interest is especially

aroused by the question of possible intelligent life, in the past or at present, on our satellite; and though her ardor in this respect is continually checked by her instructor, she determines to buy a small telescope and hunt for evidence of the existence of present-day lunarians. While feminine characteristics are very obtrusive in the conversations, the reader may judiciously skip these, and find a wealth of accurate descriptive matter concerning the prominent features of the lunar landscape. The twenty-six excellent full-page plates of the moon are made from photographs taken at the Yerkes Observatory. A good index enables one to find the description of any particular lunar feature.

*Sunday talks
to students.*

While Dr. Edward Caird's philosophical writings are rather stiff reading to some of us, his "Lay Sermons and Addresses, Delivered in the Hall of Balliol College, Oxford" (Macmillan) are simple and clear in style and entirely free from knotty problems of Kantian or Comtist or Aristotelian philosophy. Succeeding Jowett as Master of Balliol, but perhaps better remembered as Principal Caird of Glasgow University, he followed the example of his predecessors at the Oxford college in delivering a sermon or address at the opening of each academic year. "A number of these discourses are preserved," he tells us in a preface to his volume, "and they are published at the desire of some of those who heard them." Twelve in number, these lay sermons, with two exceptions, deal with subjects of permanent spiritual interest, the departures from the rule being an address on Queen Victoria's jubilee and one after her death. Free from cant and full of wholesome counsel for daily life, especially student life, each of these homilies contains quotable passages of practical wisdom. Their general tone may be indicated by a brief closing extract. "We form," says the speaker, treating of salvation, "an ideal picture of some better state of the world, in which the commonplace and secular aspects of life have no longer any room and duties are at once more heroic and more easy, forgetting that there is no act but derives its character, its greatness or its pettiness, from the spirit which manifests itself in the doing of it. The only world worthy of being regarded as ideal is that which carries within it the present world with its meaning understood, and its worth deepened."

*A new portrait
of one of our
national heroes.*

The series of American history and biography which takes the title of "True" has received an addition in "The True Patrick Henry," written by Mr. George Morgan. As compared with the famous old book of Wirt, the title is justified; for Wirt had access to but little of the historical material that is now available, and he lived too close to the times of which he wrote. The old-fashioned biographer felt that he was under obligations to dress up his subject where he came short of the ideal and showed the frailties of our common humanity; but this method

of writing biography has been long out of fashion, and every well-trained writer now strives to tell the truth about his subject. Mr. Morgan has made a careful study of Patrick Henry, and has written with an enthusiasm that would perhaps communicate itself more strongly to the reader but for the too evident purpose to be sprightly and vivid; the author also brings in many details of persons and events that distract attention from the main current of the narrative. Perhaps this discursiveness is due to the previous literary experience of the author as a writer of historical fiction. However, the book is one of interest and value as presenting anew a full-length portrait of one of our national heroes, and it should be widely read. Of especial interest are the chapters on Patrick Henry's early life, his power as a lawyer and as an orator, and his private life. Twenty-four excellent illustrations add much to the value and interest of the book. (Lippincott.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Months," by Mr. J. V. Blake (the James H. West Co., Boston) is a little book of songs and lyrics picturing the changing delights of the seasons. Mr. Blake's year begins in April, with the coming of the first flowers, and ends with a tribute to the blustering promise of March. There is nothing strikingly original about his sentiments, but his imagery and the rhythm of his verse are generally pleasing. A graceful foreword in prose introduces the verses descriptive of each month.

To the "Oxford Edition" of the poets, published by Mr. Henry Frowde, three volumes have just been added. "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, makes a volume of over nine hundred pages. "The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell" are edited by Mr. J. Logie Robertson. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is the third volume, and includes the hundred poems added by a later hand to the collection, bringing it down to the end of the nineteenth century. Mr. Swinburne, happily being still alive, is not represented, although it seems as if an exception to the rule of the volume might have been made in his case.

The New York Metropolitan Museum of Art has done students of Chinese ceramics a service by issuing an illustrated "Catalogue of the Morgan Collection of Chinese Porcelains," revised from the original privately printed edition. Dr. Stephen W. Bushell, the eminent Oriental scholar and sinologue, has revised the book and added an introduction discussing the history and progress of the porcelain industry in China from the earliest times to the present, with a full account of the marks and seals. The public is thus afforded an opportunity to study the most comprehensive collection of its kind in the world in the light of the latest research. The body of the catalogue, originally prepared by Mr. William M. Laffan, is clear, succinct, and as far as possible non-technical. It is fully and beautifully illustrated.

"Sheffield Plate" is the subject of the new volume in the Newnes "Library of the Applied Arts," which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons issue in America. The author, Mr. Bertie Wyllie, treats his subject thoroughly,

and yet manages to avoid technicalities and burdensome detail. Over a hundred and twenty excellent illustrations, many of them made from articles in fine private collections, add materially to the value and interest of the text. Mr. Wyllie explains how Sheffield Plate was discovered, how it was made, and in what its unique value consists. He warns collectors against the fraudulent practices of unscrupulous dealers, furnishes lists of the marks used by the makers of old Sheffield, and gives full accounts of the periods and the designs most prized by connoisseurs. An enthusiastic collector himself, he avoids the dry, statistical tone that discourages the beginner, and he possesses a happy faculty — somewhat rare in students of the antique — of saying clearly and exactly what he means.

An account of the career of an old-time Boston merchant-philanthropist, not one of the aristocratic-conservative type, but a man of democratic spirit, an abolitionist, a friend and supporter of John Brown, is given in "The Life and Public Services of George Luther Stearns" (Lippincott), by his son, Frank Preston Stearns. The personality of the subject is interesting, and there are in the book glimpses of notable public men, — Sumner, Stanton, Governor Andrew, and others. But the main value of the work lies in its presentation of two leading interests in the life of Mr. Stearns, — his support of John Brown throughout his Kansas career, which was constant and invaluable to the carrying out of the New England plans, and his services in recruiting negroes for the Union armies. The account of these activities is full and of permanent value. The tone of the book is belligerent where differences of opinion and method are discussed, and many violent prejudices make themselves manifest. These features detract from the reader's pleasure, but they are themselves, as it were, foot-notes to the history of the time.

NOTES.

The Macmillan Co. are the publishers of a new edition of "Silas Marner," charmingly illustrated in color by Mr. Hugh Thomson.

A small book of "Laboratory Exercises in General Zoölogy," by Professor Glenn W. Herrick, has just been published by the American Book Co.

"The Poems of William Collins," edited by Mr. Christopher Stone, are published in a neat and inexpensive pocket edition by Mr. Henry Frowde.

"Ignaz Jan Paderewski," by Mr. Edward Algernon Baughan, is a new volume in the "Living Masters of Music" series, published by the John Lane Co.

The Cambridge University edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, edited by Mr. A. R. Waller, has reached its fifth volume, now published by the Macmillan Co.

The next important addition to the "English Men of Letters" series is to be a life of James Thomson, by G. C. Macaulay, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A charming edition of Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey," with colored illustrations, appears with the Dent-Dutton imprint as one of a "Series of English Idylls."

Among the recent issues of the "Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin" we note two of special interest to our readers: "Lincoln's Suspension of Habeas Corpus as Viewed by Congress," by Professor George

Clarke Sellery; and "The Indebtedness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to August Wilhelm von Schlegel," by Miss Anna Augusta Helmholtz.

A third edition of the "Practical Physiology of Plants," by Francis Darwin and E. Hamilton Acton, is published by the Messrs. Macmillan at the Cambridge University Press.

Volume II. of Dr. Augustus H. Strong's "Systematic Theology" has just come from the Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, and has for its special subject "The Doctrine of Man."

A volume containing a dozen of Emerson's earlier essays, edited for school use by Miss Edna H. L. Turpin, is now added to the series of English texts published by the Charles E. Merrill Co.

Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie," edited, with introduction, memoir, and notes, by Professor J. Churton Collins, is a welcome reprint of a noble work, now published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

Volume VI. of "The Jatoka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births," as translated from the Pali by the late Professor Cowell and Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, is now published at the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

"The Distribution of Ownership," by Professor Joseph Harding Underwood, and "The Legislature of the Province of Virginia," by Professor Elmer I. Miller, are two monographs recently issued from the Columbia University Press.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. now publish, in two parts, "A Syllabus for the History of Western Europe," by Professor Norman MacLaren Trenholme, designed for use in connection with Professor Robinson's well-known text-books of the subject.

Mr. Henry B. Damon of Katonah, New York, has published a booklet of quotations entitled "Gems of Thought." The book is hand printed from script lettering, tastefully bound in heavy paper covers, and enclosed in an artistic wrapper, ready for mailing.

Messrs. Duffield & Co. will publish next month a posthumous work of the late Richard Hovey, entitled "To the End of the Trail." This collection of poems will form a companion volume to "Along the Trail," of which a new edition was recently issued.

"A Pocket-Book of the Early American Humorists," in two small volumes, is published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. The range is from Franklin to Holmes, and the old-timers — Mrs. Partington, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Petroleum V. Nasby — are all liberally represented.

Messrs. P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. are the publishers of an important work by Professor William Chase Stevens, entitled "Plant Anatomy from the Standpoint of the Development and Functions of the Tissues and Handbook of Micro-Technic." The work has many illustrations from original drawings.

The literary legacy of the late George Henry Miles is now made complete by the republication of "Christine," his early volume of poems. Like the posthumous volume of poems, recently reviewed by us, and the suggestive study of Hamlet, this volume bears the imprint of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

"The Lakeside Classics," published for private distribution as examples of tasteful and inexpensive book-making by the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., Chicago, are to include a group of volumes of "Memorable American Speeches," selected by Mr. John Vance Cheney.

The first of these volumes is now sent us, containing speeches from the colonial period of our history, and representing ten public men. The editor has provided the book with historical notes, and it is deserving of a less limited form of publication.

"Select Poems of Alfred Tennyson," edited by Professor Archibald MacMechan, is the latest accession to the "Belles Lettres" series of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. From the same publishers we have a "Handbook of Composition," by Dr. Edwin C. Woolley, which is a very practical compendium of the rules that every writer should know.

A new edition of Dr. John Kells Ingram's "History of Political Economy" is published by the Macmillan Co. The preface for American readers is written by Dr. E. J. James, and, singularly enough, is dated from the University of Pennsylvania, an institution with which the editor has had no connection for more than ten years. This means, of course, that the new edition is a reprint only.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for early spring publication, a new book of essays by John Burroughs entitled "Leaf and Tendril"; a volume by Professor Irving Babbitt, of the Harvard Faculty, on "Literature and the American College"; and a collection of New England salt-water tales, entitled "The Rose," by George S. Wasson, author of "The Green Shay," "Cap'n Simeon's Store," etc.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1908.

Alaskan. Awakening of the. W. A. DuPuy. *Review of Reviews*.
American Art. Concerning our Ignorance of. A. Hoerber. *Forum*.
American Finance. Currency Problem. J. F. Ryan. *Metropolitan*.
American Music. Society and. Arthur Farwell. *Atlantic*.
American Painters. Younger. — Are they Creating a National Art? Giles Edgerton. *Craftsman*.
American Thinking around the World. E. A. Forbes. *World's Work*.
Anglo-American Polar Expedition. V. Stefánsson. *Harper*.
Anti-Vagrancy Campaign. New. F. M. Björkman. *Rev. of Revs.*
Architect. The, and the Critic. Russell Sturgis. *Scribner*.
Art Treasures of the U. S. Capitol. Abby G. Baker. *Munsey*.
Ballad. The Popular. George L. Kittredge. *Atlantic*.
Battleships of the Future. Daniel T. Pierce. *World To-day*.
Bayle-Stendhal. Henry. James Huneker. *Scribner*.
Black Fog. The. Herman Scheffauer. *Atlantic*.
Bonds as Investments. N. W. Harris. *World To-day*.
Book-binding. Practical. Morris Lee King. *Studio*.
Bookishness and Statesmanship. Earl of Rosebery. *No. Amer.*
Books Worth While. Talks about — VII. Gaboriau's "M. Lecoq." Harry Thurston Peck. *Munsey*.
Boosboom. Johannes. Philip Zilcker. *Studio*.
Boston. A Short Out to. Charles C. Perkins. *Appleton*.
Brittany. The Byways of. Frank Presbrey. *Outing*.
Building. Coming of the Fifty-Story. Jos. Thompson. *Munsey*.
Burridge. Fred V., Etchings of. Frank Newbolt. *Studio*.
Business Methods. Better, for Cities. W. H. Allen. *Rev. of Revs.*
Busy Man. Play. Confessions of a. J. G. Frederick. *Craftsman*.
Camp-fire Light. By the. Raymond L. Bridgman. *Putnam*.
China and the Language Question. Howard Swan. *Rev. of Revs.*
China. Law Reform in. C. S. Lobingier. *Review of Reviews*.
Christian Science in England. Frederick Dixon. *World To-day*.
Churchill. Lady Randolph. Reminiscences of — IV. *Century*.
Closet Drama. Legitimacy of the. Brander Matthews. *No. Amer.*
Coal. One Ton of, to Do Work of Two. A. W. Page. *World's Work*.
Coal Pit. Human Toll of the. Edgar A. Forbes. *World's Work*.
College-Bred. Social Value of the. William James. *McClure*.
Colonialism: How Could the United States, if Necessary, Give Up its Colonies? William Jennings Bryan. *World To-day*.
Color. Relation of, to Chemical Constitution. W. J. Hale. *Popular Science*.
Color Line in the North. The — I. Ray S. Baker. *American*.
Congress. The New, and the Presidency. Henry L. West. *Forum*.
Country Banker. The. Charles M. Harger. *Atlantic*.
Crisis. The Present. Charles B. Macdonald. *North American*.

- Cuba: Land of Promise. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. *World To-day*.
 Currency, Our, and Banking System. W. B. Ridgely. *No. Amer.*
 Curry, Silas S. Shaller Mathews. *World To-day*.
 D'Annunzio, Gabriele. Pietro Laola. *Poet Lore*.
 Death-Felting, Instinct of. S. J. Homes. *Popular Science*.
 Diagraces. Ellis O. Jones. *Lippincott*.
 Dramatic Sense, The. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam*.
 Dramatists of the Current Season. Clayton Hamilton. *Forum*.
 Drinking, The Art of. Louis Windmüller. *Forum*.
 Drummond, William Henry. Frederick James Gregg. *Putnam*.
 Eaton, Wyatt, The Friendships of. Charlotte Eaton. *Craftsman*.
 Eddy, Mary Baker G. Georgine Milmine. *McClure*.
 Egypt, The Spell of, as Revealed in Monuments—I. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
 Entomology, Economic, Future of. H. T. Fernald. *Pop. Sci.*
 Europe, Beginning of Better Relations in. A. M. Low. *Forum*.
 Evangeline's Town: The True Story of Longfellow's Romance. Campbell MacLeod. *Craftsman*.
 Federal Service as an Occupation. Joseph M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.
 Fight for the People, Why I Gave Up the. Thomas W. Lawson. *Everybody's*.
 Financial Grip, Present-day. Shaller Mathews. *World To-day*.
 Financial Panic in the United States, The. A. D. Noyes. *Forum*.
 Five Acts, Why? Brander Mathews. *Forum*.
 Fletcherism, A Practical Experiment in. Frances M. Björkman. *World's Work*.
 Flying-machines and their Inventors. G. K. Turner. *McClure*.
 Florida Everglades, An Air-line Across the. William A. DuPuy. *World's Work*.
 Florida Keys, Over the, by Rail. Ralph D. Paine. *Everybody's*.
 Flour-milling and Bread-making. Harry Snyder. *Harper*.
 Forests, Practical Value of Saving the. Caspar Whitney. *Outing*.
 France, Second Motor-Flight to—II. Edith Wharton. *Atlantic*.
 France, Chateau and Country Life in—III. Winter at the Chateau. Mary King Waddington. *Scribner*.
 Frontier Cities, Coming of Law to our. Allen True. *Outing*.
 Gardens, Professor Lauger's, at Manheim. *Studio*.
 German Writers, Among the. Amelia von Ende. *Poet Lore*.
 Germany,—Lessons from. R. H. Schaeffer. *World's Work*.
 Ghost Bouquets. Grace E. Ward. *Craftsman*.
 Good Out of Evil. Henry Lee Higginson. *Appleton*.
 Grand Opera in America. Jackson Cross. *Metropolitan*.
 Grieg: An Estimate. Lawrence Gilman. *North American*.
 Habitant Village, In a. Howard E. Smith. *Harper*.
 Hancock Bore, A Visit to the. C. K. Edmunds. *Pop. Science*.
 Hard Times, Mr. Dooley on. F. P. Dunne. *American*.
 Hart, Sir Robert. Willard Straight. *Putnam*.
 Harvard University, The Founder of. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.
 Hewlett and Hearn: Orientalists. Eugénie M. Fryer. *Poet Lore*.
 Holland: "The Hollow Land." R. H. Russell. *Metropolitan*.
 Hornby, Lester G., Leaves from his Sketch Book. *Studio*.
 Horses of Mexico, The. Henry P. Osborne. *Outing*.
 House Dignified, The—V. Lillie Hamilton French. *Putnam*.
 Hughes-Stanton, H., Landscapes of. Marion Hepworth. *Studio*.
 Humor under Sundry Skies. C. B. Brewster. *North American*.
 Hunt, Leigh, The Poetry of. Arthur Symonds. *Atlantic*.
 Immigrant Women, Protection of. F. A. Kellor. *Atlantic*.
 Industrial Reform, Government Aid for. *Craftsman*.
 Industries, Infant. T. D. A. Cockerell. *Popular Science*.
 International Speech. Anna M. Roberts. *Popular Science*.
 Ireland, The Crisis in. T. W. Rolleston. *North American*.
 Island, Two Books on an. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Putnam*.
 Japan and the United States. John R. Winchell. *Metropolitan*.
 Jew, The Twentieth-Century. Ezra Budno. *Lippincott*.
 Journalistic Inerrancy, Dogma of. Munroe Smith. *North Amer.*
 Keats and Shelley in Rome. Raffaele Simboli. *Putnam*.
 Keep Commission, Work of. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Kelvin, Lord, America's Estimate of. J. F. Springer. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Kipling, Rudyard. W. B. Parker. *World's Work*.
 Kipling in French. Louis Fabulet. *World's Work*.
 Languages, Great, Geography of. *World's Work*.
 Latin America, German Influence in. A. F. Sears. *Pop. Science*.
 Life, The Evolution of. Percival Lowell. *Century*.
 Lincoln's Boyhood. Eleanor Atkinson. *American*.
 Literary Lady, The. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic*.
 Literary New York in the Sixties. W. L. Alden. *Putnam*.
 L'Olonos, François: Buccanner. J. R. Spears. *Outing*.
 London, The American in. S. G. Blythe. *Everybody's*.
 Lyceum, First Nights at the. Ellen Terry. *McClure*.
 Man's Image and Likeness, In. Agnes Repplier. *Putnam*.
 Melba: Australian Prima Donna. W. G. Fitzgerald. *Munsey*.
 Meredith, George, at Eighty. G. W. Harris. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Metal Work at Boston. F. W. Coburn. *Studio*.
 Michelson, A. A., Scientific Researches of. Henry Crew. *World To-day*.
 Microscope, The Ultra-Violet. Hollis Godfrey. *Atlantic*.
 Midsummer's Night Dream. Catherine Postell. *Poet Lore*.
 Minneapolis as a Market. James L. Nash. *World To-day*.
 Minute Men, Training our Future. D. A. Willey. *Outing*.
 Modernism, The Encyclical against. C. A. Briggs. *No. Amer.*
 Moose, The, and the Polar Bear. Louis Rhead. *Metropolitan*.
 Morgan, Why Mr.? W. C. Cornwell and K. Wolff. *Appleton*.
 Mother Bird, Days with a. Jennie Brooks. *Harper*.
 Municipal Research Bureau of New York City. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Music in America, Status of. W. J. Henderson. *Everybody's*.
 Music in America, Debasement of. Mary Garden. *Everybody's*.
 National Academy of Design: Winter Exhibition. N. Laurvik. *Studio*.
 National Society of Craftsmen: Annual Exhibition. *Studio*.
 Nature Study and Nature Fakers. Bonycastle Dale. *Lippincott*.
 New York Society, Extravagance of—II. Upton Sinclair. *Amer.*
 New Zealand Dominion, Creating the. A. Ford. *World To-day*.
 North Pole, Routes to the. R. E. Peary. *Outing*.
 Northwest, Development of the New. A. Reed. *World To-day*.
 Norwegian Life. H. H. D. Pierce. *Atlantic*.
 Old Salem Ships and Sailors—II. Ralph D. Paine. *Outing*.
 Opera, A Prologue to the. Robert Gilbert Welsh. *Lippincott*.
 Oriental Rugs, In Quest of. Franklin Clarkin. *Everybody's*.
 Palmer, Gen. William J.: Builder of the West. *World's Work*.
 Panama Canal, Soldiers who are Building the. W. J. Abbott. *Munsey*.
 Panic, Lessons of the. Charles A. Conant. *North American*.
 Panic,—How it Was Arrested. Alexander Gilbert. *Appleton*.
 Panic, Newspapers and the. George C. Lawrence. *Appleton*.
 Panic, The, and the Banks. Fred Sumner Mead. *Atlantic*.
 Parts of Speech, Aristocracy of the. T. B. Lounsbury. *Harper*.
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